Saturday Review

JUNE 26, 1954 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

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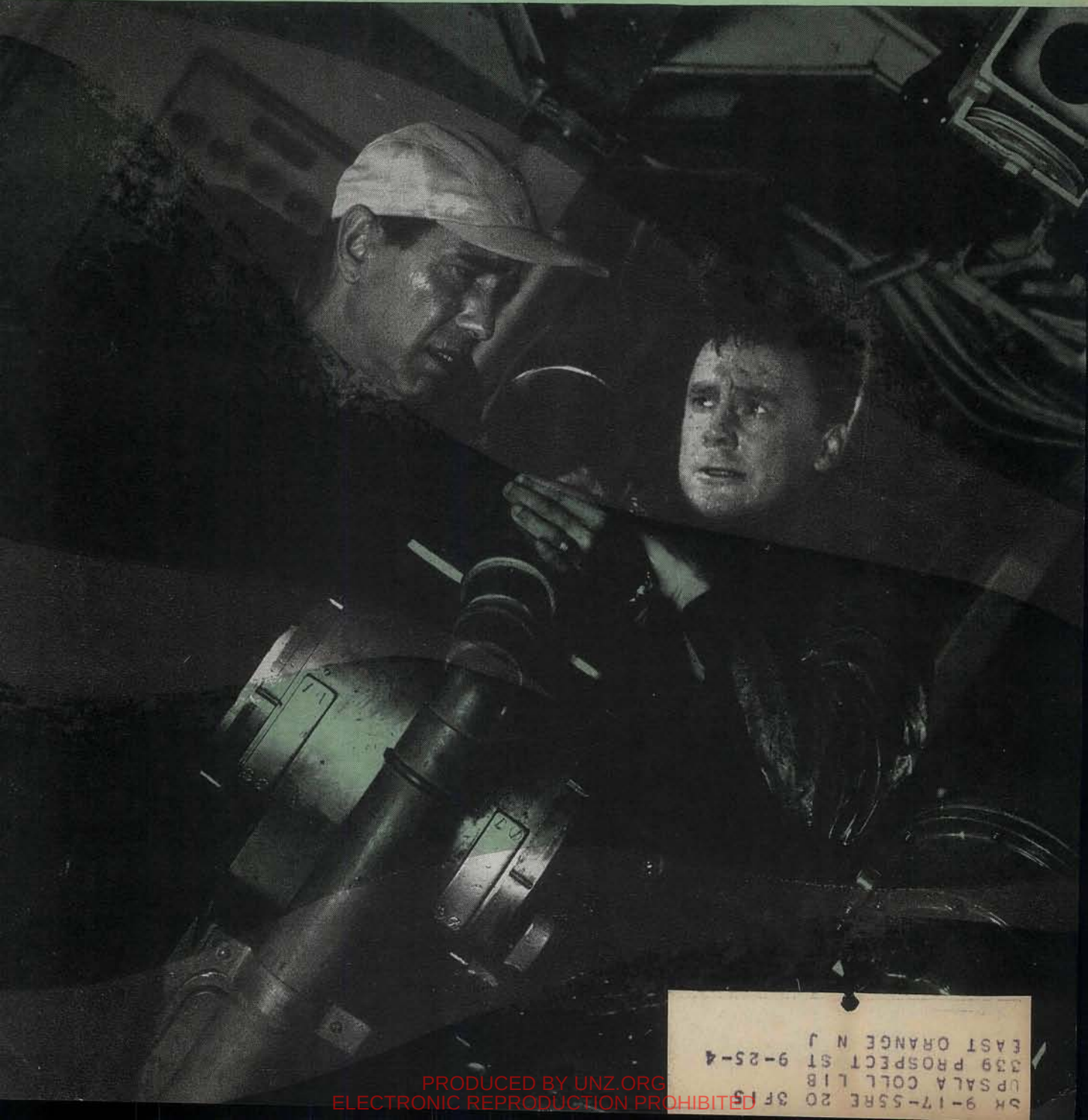
umphrey Bogart and Van Johnson as Queeg and Maryk on the Caine's ridge during the climactic typhoon. Recent dramatic transformations of erman Wouk's fine novel are discussed by Arthur Knight on page 28.



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From the novel by **VINA DELMAR**
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on the Tyranny of the Average

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on Books

ALISTAIR COOKE
on the Press

GILBERT SELDES
on Radio and TV

NORMAN COUSINS
on the Creative Artist

HAROLD K. GUINZBURG
on Business and Culture

A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD
on Higher Education

JOHN W. DODDS
on Humanistic Values

C. W. de KIEWIET
on Educational Awareness

GEORGE F. KENNAN
on Cultural Intolerance

D. W. BROGAN
on the Taste of the Common Man

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 26, 1954

Cover Photograph: "The Caine Mutiny" (Columbia Pictures)

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burgheardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 26, June 26, 1954. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.; under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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SR's Library Poll

TAYLOR CALDWELL, whose recent "Never Victorious, Never Defeated" has in a few weeks climbed into the #15 spot on *SR*'s poll, is the historical novelist of eras which are barely history. In her typical vein, she is the tireless chronicler of the shirtsleeves-to-shirtsleeves families and all their works: the crusty old puddler who crunches his way to millions and a coronary attack, the mountainous Pittsburgh castle of brown granite, the weak-willed offspring, the drunkard nieces, the gentle grandsons.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **Bless This House**
   by Norah Lofts (F)
5. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
6. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
7. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
   by Gene Fowler (G)
8. **Away All Boats**
   by Kenneth Dodson (F)
9. **Seven Years in Tibet**
   by Heinrich Harrer (G)
10. **Sayonara**
    by James A. Michener (F)
11. **Tomorrow!**
    by Philip Wylie (F)
12. **Flying Saucers Have Landed**
    by Desmond Leslie (G)
13. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
14. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
15. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
16. **The Man Who Never Was**
    by Ewen Montagu (G)
17. **The Cobweb**
    by William Gibson (F)
18. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
19. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)
20. **From Here to Eternity**
    by James Jones (F)

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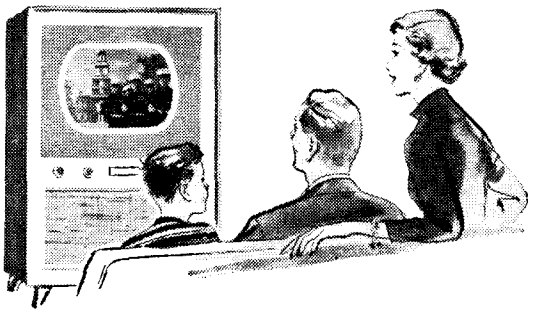
Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.) Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D.C.).

* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

COLOR TV

is Transmitted Over

Telephone Networks



You've probably been hearing a lot about color television in recent weeks. A number of test programs are now being broadcast with excellent results.

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TRADE Winds

TOO LAZY to begin the "Cryptogram" or the "Double-Crostic" for awhile? You might amuse yourself with attempting answers to these five "exercises" Bill Feather clipped from Alex F. Osborn's "Applied Imagination" (Scribner's):

1. Suppose your child consistently neglects homework to watch TV. What six strategies might solve this problem?

2. List ten ways to entertain yourself when alone for an entire evening.

3. Think of the person you detest most. Then select one thing about him even you must admit is admirable. Then think up three ways to magnify that virtue in your own mind. (Note to Mr. Osborn: I just tried that myself on the little poop who is my favorite enemy. Result: I hate him more than ever.)

4. Describe the most annoying habit of the person closest to you. Think up six tactics to get that person to change the habit for the better.

5. Write a fifty-word cable to Malenkov giving reasons why he should let his subjects hear the true facts about free nations.

If all that fails, of course, you always can call a couple of friends and whip up a game of Scrabble. In a final emergency, you might even read a good book!

SPEAKING OF SCRABBLE, Aldous Huxley got his first look at a game in progress recently, and was sufficiently intrigued to substitute briefly for one of the players. His turn was first, and he promptly slapped letters on the board to spell the word "coven." His opponents protested, "If you're going to play this game, you simply cannot begin by making up words of your own." "'Coven,'" replied Huxley indignantly, "is a perfectly good, if obsolete, word that a child of seven should know. It means 'an assembly of witches'!"

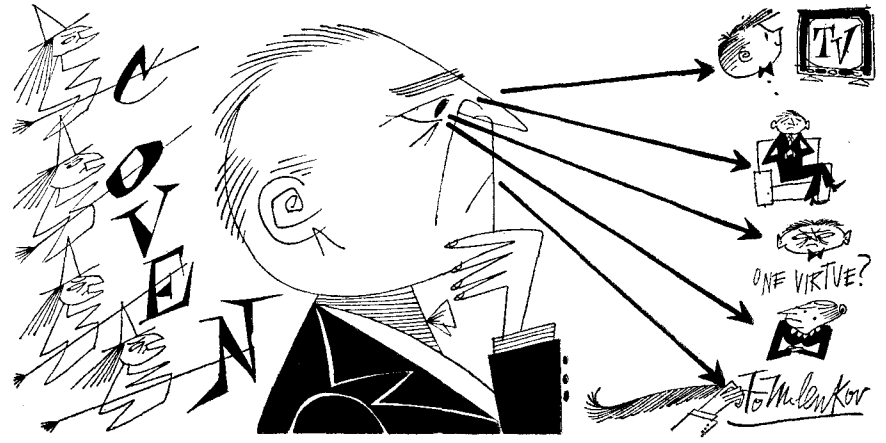
ANOTHER TIME-PASSING TEST that should be duck soup for readers brilliant enough to appreciate the awful puns in the item following was devised by Hanover House as a pitch for "Living Adventures in Philosophy," by Henry and Dana Lee Thomas. You must pair the philosopher with the correct identifying phrase:

The philosophers—1. Marcus Aurelius. 2. Comte. 3. Confucius. 4. Diogenes. 5. William James. 6. Locke. 7. Nietzsche. 8. Plato. 9. Schopenhauer. 10. Thoreau.

The phrases—A. He gave the science of sociology its name. B. His writings about government paved the way for the Declaration of Independence. C. He carried a lamp, looking for an honest man (this is a very tough one!). D. A great pessimist, he thought man's greatest misfortune was his will to live. E. He said, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." F. He was an atheist who became a god. G. He was a great ruler who is remembered for his meditations. H. His doctrine of Superman served as a guidebook for dictators. I. He brought philosophy into business. J. He wrote of a republic which was to be a commonwealth of righteousness.

The answers: 1-G; 2-A; 3-F ; 4-C; 5-I; 6-B; 7-H; 8-J; 9-D; 10-E.

ADDIE WILLIAMS, of the Theatre Guild, is trying to nail down the rumor that Yma Sumac, the Peruvian all-range songbird, is intent upon forming a quartet. It will be known, of course, as the "Inca Spots.". . . . "I was with MacArthur when he landed on Leyte," boasted a depositor to Banker Rod



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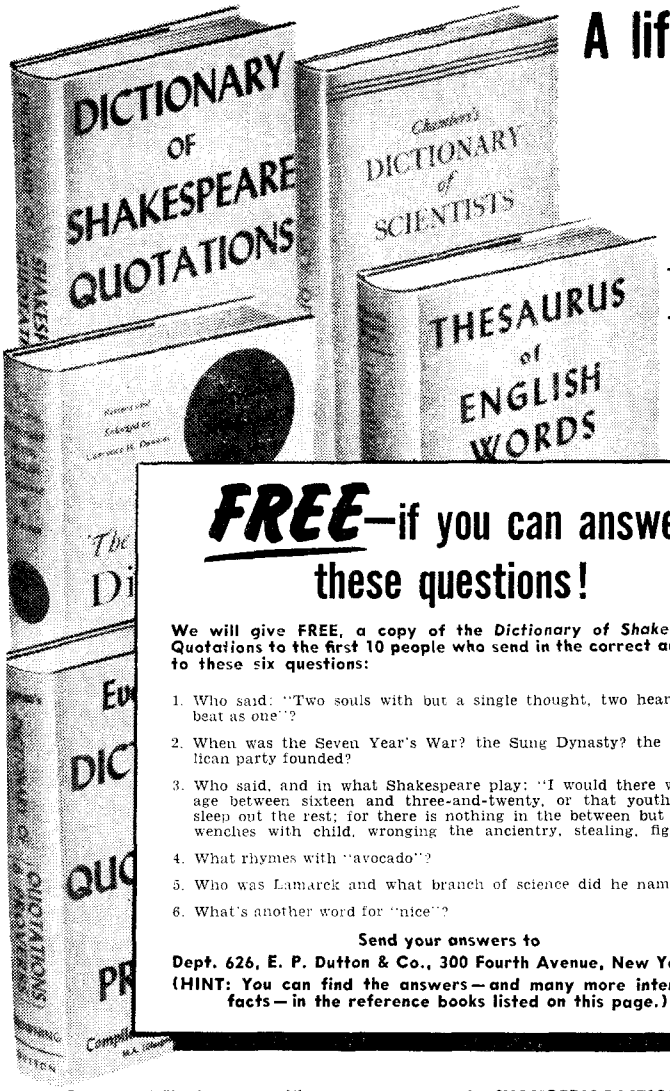

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2. When was the Seven Year's War? the Sung Dynasty? the Republican party founded?
3. Who said, and in what Shakespeare play: "I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting."
4. What rhymes with "avocado"?
5. Who was Lamarck and what branch of science did he name?
6. What's another word for "nice"?

Send your answers to
Dept. 626, E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York 10.
(HINT: You can find the answers—and many more interesting facts—in the reference books listed on this page.)

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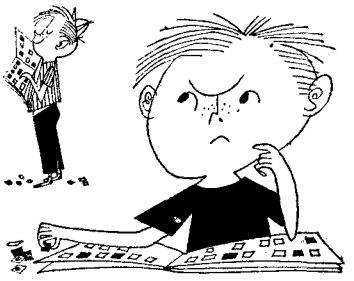
MacLean. "Oho," chortled MacLean "working for the 'Leyte's Home Journal,' no doubt." . . . Peter Windso reports a purposeful bookclerk in th Wall Street sector who insists upo displaying Dr. Wertham's "Seductio of the Innocent" on the How-to-Do-I shelf. . . . And Zsa Zsa knew Rubiros would come back to her, adds Pete because she's up on the law of Dom inican returns. . . . George Ansbary managing editor of *Our Wonderfu World*, tells about a twelve-year-ol



who was passionately devoted to hi stamp album until the kid next doo began collecting stamps too. "He buy every stamp I do," the twelve-year old complained to his father, "and ha taken all the fun out of it for me I'm quitting." "Don't be a fool, m boy," counseled the father. "You seer to forget that imitation is the sin cerest form of philately."

IF YOU ARE ONE OF the many thousand who enjoyed "But We Were Bor Free" and would like more of th same, I heartily recommend Henr Commager's "Freedom, Loyalty, Dis sent." (Henry's with Oxford for thi one.). . . . And if you can stand an more about Senator McCarthy, th *Progressive*'s wrap-up of his entir career and Regnery's "McCarthy an His Enemies" both warrant attentior Both are selling well too. I'd like t think that the pros are studying th *Progressive* report, while the anti are open-minded enough to read th Regnery book, but that would be to much to believe. Even harder to be lieve is that these two books actuall are about the same man.

CHARLIE LEDERER, IN TOWN counting th millions he's making from his produc tion of "Kismet" (most colorful musi

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1056)

MARY NOEL: *VILLAINS GALORE*

The object of an American story paper was to look as much like a newspaper as possible in order to have cheap postage. It was the object of a London story paper to look as little like a newspaper as possible in order to avoid the stamp tax.

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Freedom To Read— But Where? And What?

For nearly twenty-seven million Americans, freedom to read is more of a promise than a reality. They are the Americans who live in the 404 counties in the United States which have no public library service of any kind. For twenty million other Americans, freedom to read is a poorly kept promise because 61% of the small public libraries in this country have annual budgets so minute that they can most infrequently add a few volumes to their shelves.

This week, as the American Library Association holds its annual meeting, it is appropriate that we once more salute the library for good and useful services faithfully performed. But more is required of us than a salute. We can, for instance, first of all absorb this simple fact:

Approximately seven-eighths of present library support is derived from municipal tax revenue, the rest from federal and state aid, private gifts and endowments.

Having absorbed that fact, each of us can take the following actions:

1) We can question whether the percentage of our municipal tax dollar devoted to the library budget is sufficient to offset spreading cost increases and to extend library services. If it is not, we can go to the mayor, or the Board of Selectmen, or the Board of Finance or whatever may be the proper agency in our town and make polite but effective noises.

2) We can urge our Senators and Congressmen to support the Library Services Bills now pending before the Education Subcommittee of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee and the House Education and Labor Committee. This legislation would provide vital expansion of public library service by authorizing an appropriation of $7.5 million a year for a five-year period, allotted to the states on a matching basis.

By, at the very least, taking these two actions, we can help make freedom to read a reality to millions of Americans who haven't even a place in which to read the First Amendment which guarantees that freedom.

This is a message from the AMERICAN BOOK PUBLISHERS COUNCIL, INC. on the occasion of the 73rd annual conference of the American Library Association, Minneapolis, June 20-26, 1954

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cal in town, and with the loveliest score), sheepishly admitted the authenticity of one of the funniest anecdotes in Ben Hecht's "A Child of the Century." Dining at the elegant Colony Restaurant years ago in New York with a glamorous musical-comedy queen he was wooing, Charlie, recalls Hecht, sat listening owlishly to a lecture from her on how he must mend his careless ways. Getting up at noon and climbing into any ill-assorted articles of clothing that happened to be at hand, she insisted, was not the proper way to live. As the beautiful lady concluded her discourse, Lederer, who had sat seemingly spellbound, arose—and handed

her his trousers. He had removed them surreptitiously during her lecture. "Here," he proposed, "you wear these," and walked coldly out of the restaurant in his shorts.

AT A PARTY THE OTHER EVENING, a visitor with a moustache had the golden opportunity to utilize a famous squelch. A somewhat spifficated gent whacked him on the back and exclaimed, "Groucho Marx, I believe." "If you believe that," said the visitor coldly, "you'll believe anything" . . . Lewis Galantière quoted a shattering remark Talleyrand made about Chateaubriand: "He thinks he's become deaf because he no longer hears himself talked about!" . . . In another corner, Sid Skolsky advised a young writer, "There's only one thing you should

Vermont Farm

By Frances Frost

THE old farm lies beneath the hill:
white house, red barn, green meadow,
dooryard maples, hayfield elms,
hill pines and river willow.

No door is opened at my knock,
no dog runs out to greet me,
no clover-smelling tiger cat
hightails the grass to meet me.

The lilac blossoms in the yard,
the dark hill climbs the sky.
Here loved my temperish Irish people,
and there they lie.

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remember when reading a publisher's contract: the large type is on your side; the small print is on his!" After the neophyte had wandered off, Skolsky added, "That boy is so naive, I'll bet he believes movie trailers!". . . .

John Mason Brown told of the matinee of "The Golden Apple" to which producer Alfred de Liagre took his six-year-old son, Nicolas, and five-year-old daughter, Christina. Just before the curtain went up for Act I, De Liagre cautioned the children, "Remember, now: no talk, no coughing, no fidgeting about." "But, Papa," persisted Christina, "if I get sick, may I vomit?" De Liagre leaned over toward the man in front of him and predicted ruefully, "She'll grow up to be a critic!"

MY OWN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD son, Jonathan, recently suffered a not-too-severe attack of the measles. On the fourth day his spirits were sufficiently revived for him to enjoy a reading of "King Arthur and His Knights," and to call for his crayons and drawing board. In short order he had quite a collection of vivid pictures for us to exclaim over: his usual somewhat startling menagerie of wild animals. There were the elephants, the tigers, the kangaroos, the gorillas. In this set, however, there was one sharp departure from the accepted pattern. Every one of the animals had the measles. —BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 575

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 575 will be found in the next issue.

XICH IC IFSAQW GAQ

AIE SIBZC OCLOCOSZ RIOCE

OE JZIJPH JFPP, ICJ

OWWOSISOCNPH IMMFWISZ.

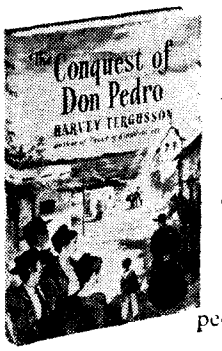
—SAQXIE P. XIEEQC.

Answer to No. 574

There isn't a woman in the world who wouldn't love to have a man work miracles for her.—H. G. Wells.

MORROW

The Conquest of Don Pedro



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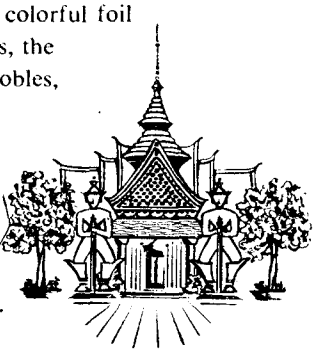
—Margaret Landon, The Saturday Review.
At all bookstores, $3.50



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THE AGE OF UNREASON

IN THE EARLY nineteen hundreds there was a young man who went to London in the summers and haunted the second-hand bookshops in Charing Cross Road. His bills for books were large, but his family did not protest them, thinking that books were preferable to wine, women, and song.

Some years later his young niece had the run of his books. She read what struck her fancy and no one censored her choice. It was thought that if she understood what she read she was old enough to do so; if she did not understand—what harm was done. This was an attitude which belonged to an age of reason, for the more a man learns of the past the better he is prepared to assess the present and to act wisely in the future.

We now seem to live in an age of unreason—an age when one hears the slander of many and fear is on every side. In this modern world the man in the street is a powerful individual. He holds the fate of more than his own country in his hands, for he is a danger to everyone if he is ignorant and a prey to hysteria. Today he is afraid of communism; but the history of Russian ambition is long and did not originate with the present government. He hears our scholars slandered and their loyalty questioned because they believe in freedom of opinion and the unfettered pursuit of knowledge. Is he unaware that this is the method of totalitarianism? While he must not be blind to the real dangers without, he must not let unscrupulous men destroy his freedoms within.

Has he forgotten so quickly how the world went mad in the 1930's when men burned books and drove out their scholars—all in the name of racial purity and superpatriotism; when they denounced their neighbors and listened to the mouthings of demagogues?

Has he forgotten the Inquisition and its persecution of those who defied it? In 1632, Galileo's famous *Dialogue,* a passionate fight against any kind of dogma based on authority, was banned and Galileo was summoned to Rome by the Inquisition. Yet perhaps no other book had such a combined impact upon the thought of philosophers, scientists, theologians, and the literate of that day.

What happens in the future rests in the hands of the man in the street. He can sit back in indifference or in helpless bewilderment at what is going on around him. Or he can stand up and declare himself. By reading history he can see that in similar crises it was not until men of good will protested and fought that right and reason have prevailed.

The members of the American Library Association make it possible for all men to read books. In serving literature they also serve democracy. For knowledge is power. In the constant struggle for the possession of men's minds, we in the universities, the presses, and the libraries of this country must play our part. We have a common responsibility—to keep knowledge free and unbiased and available to all. We must have the courage to resist threats from all quarters and to prevent the demagogues and book-burners from taking over here. It is not just an academic point; it is a matter of our survival and the survival of the rest of the world.

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESSES

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The Saturday Review
JUNE 26, 1954

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

IF YOU would listen to the pessimists abroad in the land, it would be easy to convince yourself that, as far as books and libraries are concerned, the American people are in a very bad way. You would be told that while most of us listen to the radio and watch television, read newspapers and magazines, and attend the local movie theatre, only about a third of us read at least one book a month. You would be shown surveys suggesting that about 35 million Americans have no library service of any sort and that more than half of the available service is "sub-standard." You would hear that of our 7,500 libraries only a few are really first-rate, and that their public relations are so inadequate that they live "private lives," with few people in their communities realizing what they are up to.

But if you are willing to stand back a bit and get a little perspective, you will perceive that the picture is really far brighter. Whatever their shortcomings, the American public library and its services are vastly superior to those of any other country in the world. More than 25 million Americans patronize their libraries regularly and keep some 350 million volumes in circulation. More than two-thirds of the libraries are in communities with populations of less than five thousand. Many public libraries are now offering a wide variety of useful services besides the simple lending of books.

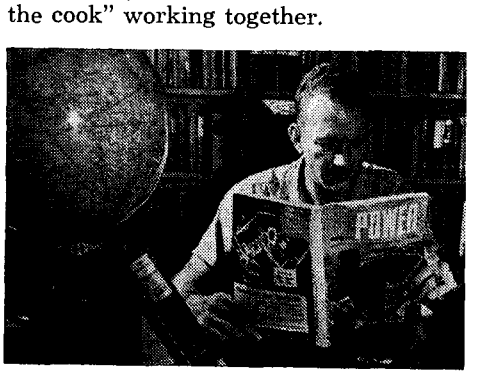
SR believes that if these lives of the public library are really private, they should remain so no longer. This week, as public and private librarians from all parts of the country converge on Minneapolis to attend the annual convention of the American Library Association, it presents on these pages surveys of half a dozen of the services now being offered by the libraries.

REGIONAL PLANNING

TO CORRECT what is often called "the sorry picture" of public library coverage in this country, in many states committees and other groups composed of librarians, library trustees, and public-spirited citizens are now planning and working for more and better libraries. In 41 states, statewide plans have been drawn up, usually by a zealous State Library Development Committee, with the active assistance of the American Library Association. Also active are five strong regional groups covering several states, plus numerous more localized groups. The quality of library service varies greatly from state to state, but today more than a few of the "backward" areas are making strenuous efforts to improve their standing.

Idaho is an especially interesting case in this respect, because in terms of per capita expenditure for public library service it ranks forty-sixth in the union. Yet extraordinary teamwork by a number of library committees has produced significant results in that state. Early last month the reports and recommendations of three key committees, which had spent a year gathering information and formulating proposals, served as the basis of a well-attended conference held at Pocatello by the Idaho State Library Association.

The reports showed that the library problem of Idaho, like that of other geographically large and thinly populated states, is primarily one of servicing widely scattered small cities, towns, villages, and unincorporated areas. Over one-half of Idaho's population enjoys no local library service. To correct this rather dreary situation, the ISLA at Pocatello approved proposals for a vigorous administrative and legislative program that includes the appointment of a qualified State Librarian, the enlargement and improvement of the state's book collection, and the creation of an advisory and consultant service. It was decided to lend assistance and advice to communities expressing a desire for a local library and to expand greatly the Reference Service. A publicity and promotion campaign was drawn up in order to let people know what their State Library Service is now doing and what it requires to do a better job. The ISLA also voted to support a plan to set up regional or district offices to carry on the work of the state library more effectively, and to ask for legislation permitting counties and districts to levy taxes for library service. (It was estimated that perhaps half of Idaho's citizens now pay virtually nothing for the statewide library service.) The vigorous determination displayed by the Idaho State Library Association at Pocatello proves an old local saying that, if a situation requires improvement, "it takes all hands and the cook" working together.



At home inside the Bookmobile.

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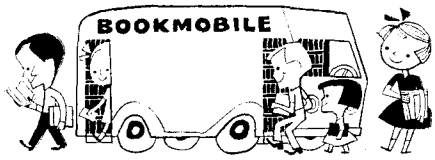
BOOKMOBILES



CIRCULATION statistics compiled by regional librarians prove that when books are available people will read. The problem is to get the books to the people. Last year in Tennessee, for example, 405,000 books were borrowed an average of four times each through 1,069 county and community libraries. A large portion of these books was brought to readers in the state's ninety-one rural counties by "bookmobile ladies," librarians on the staff of the Tennessee Regional Library Service. Like its counterpart in other states, this hardy band of dedicated pioneers covers a wider territory and drives more miles than most traveling salesmen.

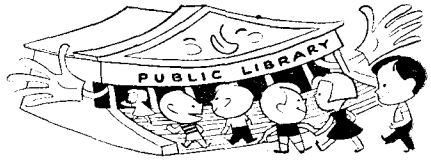
The community libraries serviced by bookmobiles are almost always located in the most accessible spot in their neighborhood, usually in the custody of a public-spirited citizen who handles the books without pay as a service to his neighbors. Frequently they are housed in grocery stores, filling stations, post offices, or even, as in one case, in a police station. A small bank which manages the library for a community of 200 people recently circulated 3,200 books in one eight-week period, and considers this service so important that it includes an accounting of library activity in its regular reports to its board of directors. In another community, rivalry between three stores for the privilege of operating the library became so intense that the matter had to be decided by a secret ballot of the citizens.

In most towns, it is an exciting time when the bookmobile pulls in for its periodical call. There are always willing hands to help carry two hundred or more books into the local library, where they are immediately placed on the shelves under the supervision of the custodian. While the readers on the spot check out the books they desire, the bookmobile librarian and her assistant check in those for which there is no longer any demand in the community, load them in the bookmobile, then take off for their next stop.

The dedicated librarians spare no pains to obtain a book asked for by a reader, such requests often covering topics as varied as advertising, amateur telescope making, reducing exercises, and plastic surgery. All types of technical books, ranging from radio and electronics to field crops and dairying, from furniture refinishing to psychology and child care, are in great demand. Other favorites are serious and light fiction, as well as books on religion, history, and contemporary affairs. In Tennessee, as in many other states and regions, if a reader and a book have a yen for each other, no matter how far apart the two may be, the bookmobile lady will bring them together.

". . . from field crops to plastic surgery."

CHILDREN'S SERVICES



PRIMARY among the functions of any public library is that of interesting children in books and helping them to develop taste and discrimination in their reading. To accomplish it, virtually all have set up a continuing program of some sort. Although such programs vary in detail from library to library and community to community, depending on local conditions, one factor is constant—if a program is successful, it is the result of collaboration in planning and administration between parents' groups and the librarians in the children's department.

Over the years, librarians have developed a variety of ways of engaging the interest of young readers. For instance, very young children love to *hear* stories. So, in order to introduce the small fry to the world of books, many libraries have on their staffs specialists in storytelling who conduct programs that may include the use of films and records, and which may be presented in the library, on the radio, or over television.

Recognizing that a few years make a great difference in a child's interests and outlook, many libraries now

". . . to develop discrimination in reading."

maintain separate services for teenagers. This varies from a separate corner in the adult department, as in the Newark Library, to a separate teen-age branch, like the one operated by the New York Public Library. Some libraries encourage their young patrons to write reviews of books they have read. The Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore publishes the better reviews in a library periodical. No matter what the child's age, the modern library is ready to suggest books for him or his parents to purchase or borrow; frequently their recommendations include phonograph records as well.

Typical of the library that makes use of every available medium to reach school-age children in its community is the Los Angeles Public Library. In the past decade, industrial expansion has brought a new and large population of young workers and their families to the California city. They live in separate population centers, each with its own business district, scattered over a 454-square mile area. To meet the needs of these rapidly growing communities and their 400,000 children, Los Angeles has extended its library services by means of fifty-two strong branch units and a bookmobile service that tours the Valley and Harbor regions. Children have proved to be enthusiastic patrons of the bookmobiles, borrowing 83 per cent of the large number of books circulated in this manner.

Fortified by their superiors' confidence that they are familiar with the interests and needs of the children in their branch communities, the children's librarians meet each month to review and order new children's books. Older books are constantly

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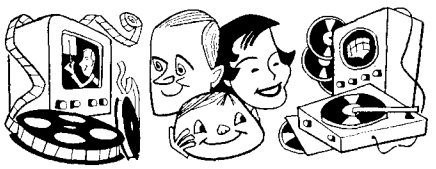
being reevaluated by small committees, which compare them with other books in the same field and recommend the best for wider purchase and use.

Because the enthusiasm of children for books is so genuine and so perennial, the rewards that may be derived in personal and professional satisfaction from working with them are unusually rich. Small wonder that thousands of able and devoted women have been attracted to this form of library service.

FOR EAR AND EYE

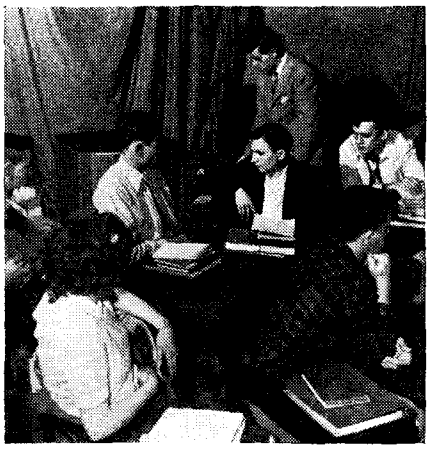


MANY librarians like to think of a library not only as a place where people and books can get together, but also as a kind of "idea communications center." They feel that by using such media as films, radio, television, and recordings, the public library can greatly increase its services to the people.

One library that has adopted this philosophy with notable results is the Free Public Library of Louisville, Kentucky, which considers its mission to be, "To get stored knowledge out of hiding and to make people want it." The Library has a nine-room Audio-Visual Department which doubles as nerve center and materials warehouse for a variety of activities that have become an integral part of the city's educational system from primary grades through the university. Programs designed and used by teachers in their daily classroom work are transmitted over the Library's 250-watt FM radio station, WFPL, the first in any library in the country, and through the Library's forty-outlet leased wire network. Thanks to the network it can pipe into classrooms throughout the city tape or platter recordings (drama, history, radio panels, documentaries), and is able to service the forty outlets with as many as forty different programs at the same time.

WFPL, which operates sixteen hours a day, every day, will soon be joined by a second Library FM station, 3,000-watt WFPK, the transmitter for which was donated by the owners of a commercial station that has discontinued operations. A 380-foot tower is now being built for WFPK on the property of the main library.

Recordings used on the network, on the radio station, and in other ways



"To make people think more."

are kept in the Library's audio archive. There are more than 25,000 of them in all, on discs and in some instances on tape. The Library owns virtually every LP record title produced by any major company in the world since the process was invented. "Dubbings" are made of master discs and other recorded materials so that no item will be destroyed by wear.

Another activity of the Louisville Library's Audio Visual Department is the Film Forum, now in its sixth season. Through the year feature films on such subjects as art, history, and the dance are shown, illuminated by the comments of a guest authority in the field. Each program closes with general discussion by the audience. The film library itself contains nearly a thousand educational films and hundreds of film strips. These may be borrowed by groups in the city or shown to them by appointment in the library studios or at branch libraries.

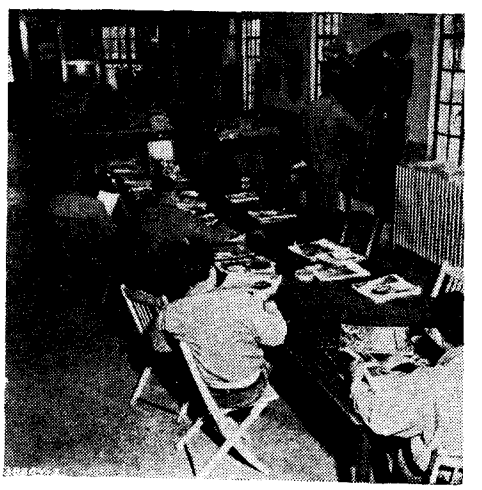
Librarians do not intend that these activities serve as a substitute for what should be the chief function of a library, the lending of books and reading materials. But they do believe that they serve eminently well the fundamental purpose of the true public library—to "make more people think more" and to provide the community with a cultural center.

BOOKS BEHIND BARS

THESE days a number of public libraries, cooperating with the prison authorities in their community, are working to bring the world inside the prison. Typical of this effort is that currently taking place at the Detroit House of Correction, a prison housing about a thousand men and four hundred women serving sentences ranging from ten days to life. For many years the prison library consisted of an antiquated and hodge-podge collection of books that had been donated. Then, in 1948, the Detroit Public Library began the practice of depositing collections of books there, in the charge of inmate librarians selected for their education, interest, and stability. Prisoners were allowed to borrow as few or as many books as they wished.

The results have been gratifying. Today the prison library contains a revolving collection of approximately 3,500 books. Once a month a Public Library staff member visits the prison to bring new books the librarians believe will interest the inmates and volumes they have especially requested, to withdraw titles no longer usable, and to discuss book requirements and administrative problems with inmate librarians. Books are chosen that will fill the special needs of the prisoners. To satisfy the craving of the average inmate for action and escape, the Library supplies Westerns, mysteries, sports stories, humor, and travel books. As most prisoners come from inadequate or shattered family backgrounds, it sees that the prison collections are well supplied with fiction, biography, and plays which show the satisfactions that come from membership in normal, happy families and communities.

Most prisoners have an extraordinary interest in themselves and their own mental processes. Often they are groping for explanations as to where and why they took the wrong turn. The library tries to satisfy this craving with books on religion, philosophy, psychology, physiology and hygiene, and on such special problems as alcoholism, anxiety, and fears. How-to books about typewriting, auto me-



"Prisoners have an interest in themselve

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chanics, sewing, plumbing, and television are also popular.

Besides assembling collections to meet the individual needs of prisoners, the Detroit Public Library attempts to implement the prison's group activities by providing films, books, and pamphlets for use in connection with the weekly mental-health discussions and adult educational and craft programs.

The successes of the past five years have convinced both Library and prison officials that good prison libraries are a necessity, not a luxury, for sound prison administration; that public libraries should give high priority to this type of service, since prison inmates have such an acute need for books and are able to make such a beneficial use of them. As one inmate at the House of Correction recently put it, "Books can sometimes change a man's life, especially his way of thinking."

FACTS FOR BUSINESSMEN

OF RECENT years, public libraries in industrial centers have assumed more and more responsibility for supplying the complex information required by local business, industry, and labor. The main building of the Cleveland Public Library, for example, houses a well-stocked and well-staffed Business Information Bureau. Another well-run library, the Brooklyn Public Library, in 1943 organized a Business Reference Library on the second floor of its Montague Branch, only five minutes by subway from Wall Street and the heart of New York City's business and financial district. A staff of five professional librarians interprets the collection to the patrons, assists them in locating answers to their problems, and copes by return mail with the never-ending flood of written requests from people unable to come in person. Businessmen are also invited to telephone for quick information ("The library is as close as your telephone" is the catchy slogan) and thousands of them regularly respond.

Although the Brooklyn Business Reference Library's basic book collection numbers approximately 45,000 volumes covering all phases of business, economics, commerce, and industry, much of the most sought after material is found in the non-book section. Loose-leaf services are particularly valuable sources of up-to-the-minute data in such fields as legislation, taxation, insurance, pension planning, and labor negotiation. A special collection of company histories and annual reports on microcard are available to persons requiring detailed information for investment purposes. Among the 1,500 periodicals and newspapers received regularly are trade publications, house organs, and local and Federal documents. A representative collection is maintained of up-to-date directories of industries, associations, and individuals. In association with the Science and Industry Division of the Library, the Business Reference Library issues a monthly publication, *Service to Business*, that is widely distributed free of charge to firms, organizations, and individuals in the community. *Service to Business* regularly features a selected list of books on a timely topic and in other ways keeps the businessman informed about new services available at the Library.

In effect, the Business Reference Library is a special library within a public library. Thanks to this, it can provide the quick answer to some urgent factual problem, assemble comprehensive data on some specific project, or act as a clearing-house for related materials scattered in other parts of the Library. Whether his request is simple or complicated and time-consuming, the executive, researcher, student, or craftsman can find the answer easily and quickly in such a library.

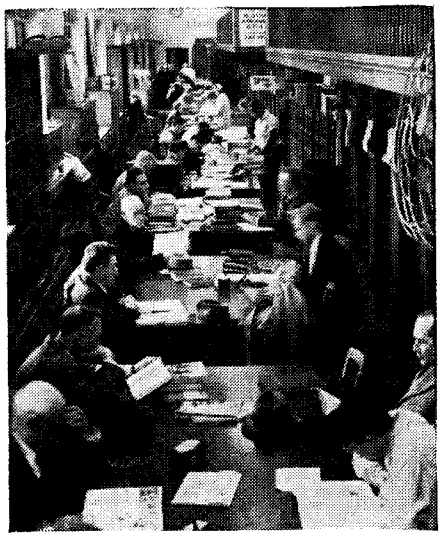
"Controversial issues engender heat."

ADULT DISCUSSION GROUPS

IN THE last decade American public libraries have been refurbishing a traditional tool for bringing books and people together: the small group discussion. Many programs have been developed in this country that involve the use of books, films, and talk, but none has been more successful than the American Heritage Project. This year, 7,000 people, meeting at their local libraries in groups of fifteen to twenty, are discussing with one another the urgent questions of our time and seeking out what our democratic heritage proposes in the way of guiding principles.

The American Heritage Project

(*Continued on page* 36)



"(Here) the executive can find the answer."

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A Man Named SMITH

By BERGEN EVANS

H. Allen Smith, "biographer to the dispensable man," a comic writer with an unerring ear for the vernacular, and an indomitably skeptical observer of mankind, belongs—says Bergen Evans—in the magnificent Twain-Ade-Lardner tradition of American folk humor, for illustrations whereof see below. Mr. Evans combines teaching English at Northwestern University and providing sage guidance to non-ponderous writing with quizmastering the TV show "Down You Go." This article is the introduction to "The World, the Flesh, and H. Allen Smith," an anthology to be published by Hanover House on July 5.

THE PECULIAR humor which is recognized as characteristically American might more accurately be called Midwestern, since it was not really heard until the Western migration spilled over the Alleghanies and peopled the plains that stretched to the Mississippi and beyond. The Yankee ("built on hard luck and codfish") was already established as a comic rascal, and a caricature of the stolid Dutchman was a stock amusement, but both of these were European types merely transplanted to the colonies.

The Midwestern frontier, however, was something new in human experience and produced new responses. The carefully woven fabric of illusion that constitutes much of civilization offered little protection in forest, swamp, and prairie. Life in the clearings, in the log cabins and the malarial river bottoms was hard, monotonous, and depressing. The vast discrepancy between the vision that had brought them there and the actuality they found on arriving must have been almost unendurable to the settlers, and laughter was their only relief. Mark Twain, who as a child saw the last of the Midwestern frontier, said: "The secret source of humor is not joy but sorrow; there is no humor in heaven."

The frontier was not heaven, though; there you laughed or died. And since the pioneers were too tough to die, they laughed. Their laughter was often uncouth, often boastful, bombastic, and irreverent. But it was a challenge and an assurance of ultimate triumph. Much of the old "tall talk" now seems turgid and forced, too thin a veneer over the underlying violence and desolation; but it flowered into a great literature and colored, and still colors, everyday American life with a saving sense of absurdity. "All modern men are descended from wormlike creatures," says Will Cuppy, "but it shows more on some people."

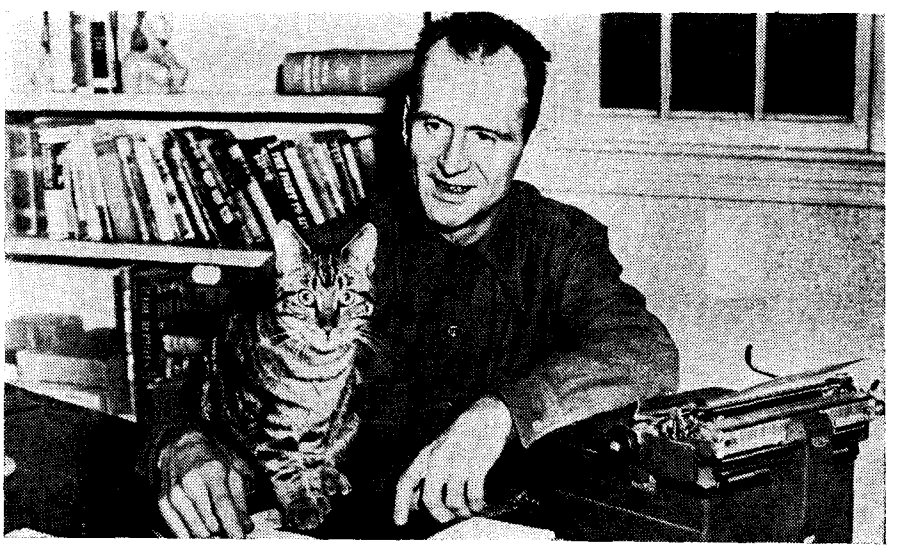
What other part of the earth can match the Midwest's list of humorists—from Davy Crockett through Mark Twain, Finley Peter Dunne, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Kin Hubbard, Damon Runyon (merely to skim the surface) to Don Marquis, Ring Lardner, Charles Morton, and James Thurber? And these are only "literary," a conspicuous eddy in the immense stream of talking humorists, of whom Lincoln is the greatest example and Will Rogers the best known.

Red Skelton, Clifton Webb, Joe E. Brown, Bobby Clark, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Burr Tilstrom, Herb Shriner—they're all Midwesterners and there are scores of others. The whistle stops teem with them, begallused and belligerent, waiting expectorantly for some smart-aleck Easterner upon whom to break the vials of their scorn. "We're all funny," said one of George Ade's brothers; "George just writes it down."

Indeed, it is obligatory to be a wit in the prairie hamlets. "If you think before you speak," Ed Howe ruefully complained, "the other fellow gets in his joke first." Most of the local humor is corny, but it's shrewd, earthy, and droll, burlesquing in its extravagance the pompousness of our national self-esteem, deflating false pretensions, gilding hardship with a saving grace, and asserting equality with an irresistible impudence.

H. ALLEN SMITH is as Midwestern as they come. He was born in Little Egypt, at McLeansboro, Illinois, something over forty-five years ago. His family, a large one, moved to Decatur and thence to Defiance, Ohio, before settling, or at least falling exhausted, in Huntington, Indiana. Young Allen worked on a farm and in a barber shop as a shoeshine boy and general handyman. In Huntington he served as an altar boy, praying fervently that prominent members of the parish might die, since altar boys received cash gratuities for their assistance at funerals. But this pious career was terminated abruptly when he undertook, on one occasion, to "brighten up" the Mass by executing double genuflections, clinking the cruets, and swooping and caracoling about, in the execution of his duties, in a highly original but unacceptable manner.

He abandoned school after the



H. Allen Smith—"he sympathizes with the defeated, the frustrated, and the hopeless."

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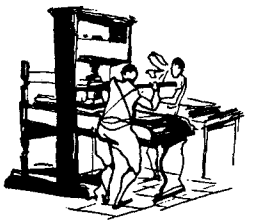
eighth grade and, thus disencumbering himself from the stultification that passes for education in most small towns, was free to devote his spare time to reading, while working as a reporter on the local paper. The itch to write was upon him, however, and he composed and circulated an imaginative piece entitled "Stranded on a Davenport." It had a vast sub-rosa success, but Huntington's justice of the peace adjudged it to be "lewd, licentious, obscene, and lascivious." Smith was fined $22.50, ostracized, and, worst of all, ordered to study the Scriptures under the supervision of the city attorney. Doubting the soundness of this eminent theologian's exegesis, however, the young author feared for his immortal soul and fled the village.



For the next twenty years he was a wandering newspaperman, what a century before would have been called a journeyman printer, a career that has trained more American humorists than any other. (He worked in Louisville, Florida, Tulsa, and Denver as a reporter and columnist.) It was from the never-ending farce of life in a newspaper office that he received his real education. Finally, and inevitably, he gravitated to New York, where he was hired by the United Press as a by-line feature writer, and there he remained for five years until 1935. Then to the *World-Telegram*, where—after distinguishing himself by a fresh treatment of the weather reports—he became established as a feature interviewer, one of the best in the country.

IT WAS an arduous life. As Smith and dozens of his long-suffering fellow reporters have pointed out, the interview is one of the most sterile of modern column-filling devices. Anyone who has traveled abroad, begotten sextuplets, sat on a flagpole, or inherited several millions is, by sole virtue of that fact, exalted into the chair of wisdom and besought for opinions on all problems of the day. Often, of course, the celebrity has no opinions at all, is incapable of forming any or even understanding the questions asked. A male of moderate intelligence will, under these circumstances, repeat in a confused form whatever he can remember to have read in his favorite columnist. A female, if not too hideously repulsive, will seat herself above the camera lens and cross her legs above the knees. If she conceals her dislike of the reporters with sufficient grace, they may attribute some quip to her that will earn her the reputation of a wit.

Smith interviewed them all: infant prodigies, hog callers, old ladies who professed to have been present when Lincoln was shot, prizefighters—swelling in triumph and swollen in defeat—ballplayers, candidates, revivalists, messiahs, crooners, Nobel prizewinners, midgets, sex maniacs (in and out of custody), missionaries, and strip teasers, the whole horde of those who thrust and jostle for attention or are dragged forward, blinking and bewildered, into the flash-bulbs.

Now a man who makes a business of trying to dredge information out of such people is "likely to develop buzzing in the head and take to drink." If he is cursed with sanity and integrity, he will attempt to preserve them by expressing his contempt for the whole proceeding. And since this can't be done openly, it must be done covertly, humorously, by inserting unexpected but convincingly realistic touches of absurdity—such as the Andrew sisters chewing gum as they sing, Anthony Eden with the sole of his shoe coming off, or Michael Strange "talking about Life, Writing, Inspiration, and a piece of property she owns in Connecticut and would like to be rid of."

Another way is to turn from the dull great to the interesting obscure and here Smith achieved his greatest success. There was the dentist in Jackson Heights who had a trained dog as a receptionist and rewarded the faithful creature with squirts of mouthwash. There was a man who made a hobby of lurching—dithering this way and that in front of someone who doesn't know whether you are going to pass on his left or right. There was the man who always carried turtle eggs in his pockets and bounced them on bars as a conversational gambit. There was a jockey who ate flies. There was a man who was knocked down on his own roof by a zeppelin. There was a woman who put vitamins in her drains to keep the bacteria in the septic tank healthy, and the manufacturer of brassières who gave special attention to customers with supernumerary breasts.

"The screwball's Boswell," Fred Allen has called him. But Smith demurs. He denies that he is forever on the prowl for nuts. There is no need, he insists, for questing: God must have loved the wacky, He made so many of them. And even in the staidest hearts there are wild and almost unbelievable impulses and eccentricities. "It is my belief," Smith avers, "that there is no such thing as a 'normal' person."

Perhaps "biographer to the dispensable man," another of Fred Allen's descriptions of his friend, is more accurate; for while Smith has certainly had luck in finding and felicity in portraying his gallery of grotesques, he is not merely competing with Ripley's Odditorium. Lost himself deeper than plummet can ever sound, he sympathizes with the defeated, the frustrated, and the hopeless. Nobility and absurdity are often intertwined and the pathetic and the ludicrous are frequently inseparable. It has always been the function of the humorist to lead us into those thoughts that lie too deep for tears. The interview with Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom has a fine controlled pathos under its surface lightness. And the little sketch of John Nance Garner, that "whiskey-drinking, poker-playing, evil old man," as John L. Lewis characterized him, with his watch pinned on him so that he wouldn't lose it, is a wonderful blend of charm and gentle sadness, the twilight of a Titan of the Pecos, an old man in a dry season waiting for death.

IT IS this deeper perceptiveness that makes Smith a great reporter. As an observer of the passing scene he has few equals. Future historians will be indebted to him, for example, for his picture of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily. He is especially good on tipsters, dopesters, and all who seek to color the news and grind their axes in the process. From long experience he knows the manner in which the purely personal annoyances, feuds, and irritations of reporters, feature writers, and editors distort the facts. One writer has a grudge against the Telephone Company because an operator once refused to return his nickel and he always manages to slip some snide phrase into any story in any way related to the telephone service. Another gives an invidious twist to anything about the subway system because a stalled subway train once caused him to miss a date. And so on.

His range is extensive. He has given us some of the best glimpses we have of Midwestern small towns in the 1920's, of Hollywood, of apartment-house life in New York, and, in recent years, of suburbia. This last he surveys with sardonic tolerance from his eyrie above Mt. Kisco, letting his vision sweep across the valley to the whited tower where *The Reader's Digest*, suburbia's scripture, is solemnly compiled.

"Lost in the Horse Latitudes" remains, perhaps, the most discerning

(*Continued on page* 35)

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FICTION

Duke of York's Moll

"Mary Anne," by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, 351 pp. $3.50), is the story of a woman named Clark, who rose from the London slums to the Duke of York's bedchamber.

By Harrison Smith

FOR more than twenty years Daphne du Maurier has entertained an increasingly devoted public in England and the United States with a dozen novels and collections of short stories, and somehow has managed to find the time to write two plays and two charming biographical books: "Gerald," a study of her father, and "The Du Mauriers," which embraces three generations of that talented family. "Mary Anne," her latest novel, is the life story of a still more remote ancestor, her enchantingly wicked great-great-grandmother, who was born in the slums of London and died in exile in Boulogne in 1852.

Mary Anne Clark was, in the language of her day, a trollop, though never a bawd. She rose like a bright star in the London skies from a cramped house in a noisome alley to a private call-house in Tavistock Place, and reached her zenith as the mistress of the Duke of York, Commander of the British Armies, living with him in his mansion in Gloucester Place.

It is more than likely that Miss du Maurier had intended to write a full-length biography of this lively lady but discovered that Mary Anne and her associates and lovers before she hit the jackpot were more promising subjects for fiction than for biography. Common folk of that era, unless they were notorious criminals, were blessed with anonymity, so that the mingling of fact and invention in this book was inevitable.

Skilfully hidden under the engrossing surface of the story are the long hours of tireless research Miss du Maurier spent examining the books, diaries, and documents of the period and, as a result, she brings the sounds and the smell of late eighteenth-century London to life. The swarming streets were "mentor and playground, teacher and companion" to the child Mary Anne when she could escape from the stench and misery of poverty. She learned that there were only two classes, the rich and the poor. She was a pretty and shrewd smiling child, the daughter of a typesetter working at starvation wages for a printer of scurrilous pamphlets and broadsides, the newspapers of the poor. When he was sick she edited his copy, and then learned the trick of picking up gossip and selling it. When she discovered that her apparently benign boss intended to seduce her she fell in love and married a weak and handsome young man, her mother's lodger. He presented her with four children and the burden of keeping the family alive. There was only one road to escape, and she took it gaily. She had become a beautiful, witty, and worldly young woman who had learned the ancient arts of love. The young titled bucks drove her in their racing carriages to Brighton and sought her favors in an elegant call-house. An older lover who became her mentor and guide led her eventually straight to the brother of King George, the Duke of York.

THE Duke was devoted to his new mistress, but he never gave her enough money to support her children, Devonshire House, and a country place. Mary Anne was heavily in debt when she turned to selling Army commissions. The Duke had only to reach for the lists that she pinned to the curtains of their bed and take it to the War Office next morning.

Ultimately this chicanery led to a full-dress investigation in Parliament. It lasted for weeks and filled the newspapers and scandal sheets. Mary Anne's testimony was brilliant and shocking, and she became at once the most outrageous and beloved woman in England. Miss du Maurier's chapters devoted to this long public affair are fascinating, though it becomes a little wearisome.

When His Royal Highness, who was of course exonerated, dismissed her as his mistress some of her glamour departed. In the end she fled to France with a modest pension for herself and for the future of her children. And, finally, when the Duke died and lay in state a pleasant old lady was in the crowd that pressed around his bier. It was Mary Anne, of course; she had loved the Duke, and in his selfish way he had loved her. So ultimately Miss du Maurier's "Mary Anne" becomes clearly a love story, the story of a woman who fought her way from poverty to the bedchamber of a Duke. Though it is drawn from life, what better recipe could be found for a successful novel?

Daphne du Maurier (Lady Browning) at home—"Mary Anne's testimony was brilliant."

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Red and Man

"Don Camillo's Dilemma," by Giovanni Guareschi *(translated by Frances Frenay. Farrar, Straus & Young. 253 pp. $3), continues the adventures of the Italian priest and his perennial antagonist, Peppone, Communist mayor of a little village on the Po.*

By Al Hine

DON CAMILLO, the unpredictable and appealing village priest of "The Little World of Don Camillo" and "Don Camillo and His Flock," is back again. As far as I'm concerned, he can go on reappearing indefinitely to my increasing pleasure, entertainment, and instruction. And there is indeed no reason why he shouldn't do so since he belongs to that wonderful company of column-creations which includes Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley and Langston Hughes's Simple. There are also moments when he recalls G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown. A rich mixture for these thin years.

Back with Don Camillo, of course, is his perennial antagonist and almost friend, Peppone, the Communist mayor of their little village on the Po. Both Peppone and Don Camillo were born eight years ago when Giovanni Guareschi threw their two defiantly human characters together in a short story written to fill a just-before-deadline gap in the Italian weekly *Oggi.* (That Guareschi partakes at least of the low boiling-point of his fictional priest is evidenced by his present prison sentence for political libel.)

The adventures of priest and Red politico in this third collection follow the same pattern as their earlier encounters, but the mixture never goes stale. Don Camillo is best read in short takes, just as much of the best in food is designed for nibbling rather than for bolting in quantity. I am sure indigestion would result from reading all three volumes of Don Camillo at a sitting; I am equally sure that nothing but pleasure and satisfaction can come from reading the individual stories a few at a time, properly spaced. In this manner, Don Camillo, his dog Thunder, Peppone and his Party henchmen, Lungo and Smilzo, become old friends, not only readable, but infinitely rereadable.

I suppose this third chronicle of Don Camillo versus Peppone will get predictable brickbats from the extreme right and the extreme left. The latter can never forgive the fact that Don Camillo is as indubitably the hero as he is indefatigably anti-Communist. The former will foam at the mouth because his anti-Communism is usually constructive rather than destructive and is therefore not anti-Communistic enough to suit them.

The fact is that Don Camillo and his recorder recognize two Peppones, Peppone the Red and Peppone the Man. Recognizing this, and recognizing it for other characters as much as for Peppone, they can never be ensnared by the easy substitute for thought which is group labeling (and group libeling). They can survive such crises as the selling of his soul by Neri, the village stonemason, and the consequent complications of his act; and the accident by which the head of Celestina from the Pheasant Tavern, an excommunicated Communist, came to be painted upon the shoulders of the chapel Madonna.

When there are times that stretch Don Camillo's often thin patience, and that of the writer, there is always the Christ over the altar.

"Lord," Don Camillo asks after a trying day, "who can possibly understand these people?"

And "I can," the Crucified Christ answers, smiling.

Resurrection Story

"The Darkness," by Evan John *(G. P. Putnam. 247 pp. $3.50), is a re-creation, through a supposed exchange of letters, of the immediate aftermath of the Crucifixion and the persons involved in it.*

By Edmund Fuller

THE narrative method of "The Darkness," by the late Evan John, is bound to remind readers of "The Ides of March," although the present book lacks something of Thornton Wilder's artistry. Its story begins on the day following the Crucifixion and traces the events of the next few weeks. It is told solely in the form of a series of official memoranda, secret reports, transcripts of hearings, and private letters. Mr. John couches these in a modern terminology which does not offend or distract but successfully achieves an effect of immediacy and contemporaneity. Also it adds the double value of reflecting back upon some of today's states of mind and methods in relation to subversives.

The book's theme is from John: "And the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness could not understand it." I am reminded, too, of the persistent motif in the Old Testament prophets of "the remnant" which survives with the knowledge and word of God, whatever disasters overwhelm Israel.

At first in these documents we see only that the mailed fist of a mighty state has struck down a troublemaker on behalf of local authorities. It is routine. The handful or so associated with the executed man are dispersed. Any nascent movement has been throttled. The case is ready to be closed. Then there is an annoying matter about the disappearance of a

—By the author, for "Don Camillo's Dilemma."

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body from a tomb. The Sanhedrin is agitated; Pilate is irritated; Herod is curious. And among a certain few an electrifying message is spreading: "He is risen."

In letters exchanged between Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus we see emerging the exultant realization that ultimately is to fill the moral vacuum of Rome and create the new Western world. In a protest regarding trial procedures addressed by the great Rabbi Gamaliel to Caiaphas we see the currents that were the religious background of the drama, including a disclaimer from the Rabbi's amanuensis, one Saul.

Pilate's disquiet is vague, stirred also by upsetting political rumors from Rome. He is suspicious of his wife's friends, to the extremity of murder, in one case, and he has unpleasant plans in mind for a certain Centurion who seems to have handled the execution with less than discretion.

With his variegated combination of documents and letters, Mr. John creates a rich impression of how these events appeared from many contemporary perpectives. The sense of the Light that the darkness did not comprehend is beautifully realized by this method of oblique approach and consistent, disciplined understatement. Much that is hackneyed, shoddy, and falsely sentimental is foisted upon the public under the guise of the Biblical novel. "The Darkness" is an admirable and interesting piece of work, genuinely illuminative of the Christian story. Originality is evident not only in its treatment, but in its bold choice of a time, that brief obscure period after the great event itself, yet before the drama of the Acts of the Apostles had begun.

Notes

TYPICAL DAY IN SOUTH AFRICA: Yet another novel from South Africa is Albert Segal's **"Johannesburg Friday"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.75). It has none of the simple, dramatic eloquence of Alan Paton or the delicately acute insights of Nadine Gordimer. Devoting a section each to father, mother, son, and daughter, it recounts one day in the life of a family of Johannesburg Jews, the Leventhals. Following their daily routines in office, shop, and home, they experience (each unknown to the others) nothing but a few of those drab crises which occur so commonly to all of us that they never seem but momentarily crucial, and their story becomes at times as wearying as the minor frustrations of life itself.

Written in a fussy, ruminating style

(*Continued on page 36*)

SOUTH AMERICA

—From "Journey to the Far Amazon."

"The Indians . . . captivated every time by a Mozart symphony."

The Realm of Jungle

"Orinoco Adventure," by Hector Acebes *(Doubleday. 281 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Journey to the Far Amazon," by Alain Gheerbrant*** *(translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Simon & Schuster. 353 pp. $5), are reports on visits to that remote and fascinating South American river the Orinoco, the first by a young Colombian, the latter by a sophisticated Frenchman. Earl Parker Hanson, who reviews them below, is the author of "Journey to Manaos," an account of travels in the Orinoco country nearly two decades ago.*

By Earl Parker Hanson

OF ALL the mighty rivers in South America's interior the Orinoco has by far the greatest hold on the imaginations of men. Humboldt's work, Gomilla's, Hudson's "Green Mansions," the mighty ethnological work of Koch-Grünberg, dozens of Indian groups and tribes in various culture stages from the most primitive up, a scattering of white settlers dispersed and encompassed by an awe-inspiring alternation of deep jungles, savannas, great mountains, and often torrential rivers—all these things plus a riotous and often savage fauna and flora, and many things more, combine to make true the old saying that he who has once drunk the water of the upper Orinoco will always have a tremendous yearning to return.

Two books I have just read—Hector Acebes's "Orinoco Adventure" and Alain Gheerbrant's "Journey to the Far Amazon"—do nothing to alleviate that yearning. I don't want to review them; I want to go back to the Orinoco; the books are of that kind.

Acebes is a young Colombian who was educated in the United States, served in the U.S. Army during World War II, and has itching feet, a flair for adventurous travel, and an unbounded curiosity about South America's wild but magnificent interior. In his book he describes several journeys to such rivers as the Meta and the Vaupés, to the head-shrinking *jíbaros* of Eastern Ecuador, and finally toward the source of the Orinoco. The fact that he calls his trips expeditions, and the activity exploration, does not diminish the quality of his book. It is a well-told adventure yarn, at times exciting, which never seems to distort

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or exaggerate, and gains in freshness through being at times a little on the youthful side. It gives an excellent picture of the fascinating frontier regions which Acebes had traversed.

In the final account Acebes seemed on the verge of becoming the first white man to reach the main source of the Orinoco. He had established friendly contact with a group of Guaica Indians, those primitive people who are related to the Guaharibos and have given much trouble to explorers and settlers alike for centuries. Then he was recalled by a Venezuelan official who came after him with a launch full of soldiers. A few months later a Venezuelan Government expedition, led by my friend Dr. José M. Cruxent, became the first to reach the Orinoco's source.

Alain Gheerbrant's book is more ambitious, more mature, even more exciting and adventurous. Its author is a Frenchman who had once studied philosophy under Jean-Paul Sartre, had served in the Army in North Africa and in the French Resistance during World War II, and later became editor of a magazine devoted to the arts and contemporary literature. When he sailed for South America in 1948 it was for the purpose of making his way up the Orinoco, striking inland to the east up the Ventuari, into Hudson's "Green Mansions" country, and then crossing the Parima range to the cattle country of Brazilian Guiana.

It is a virtually impossible journey, approximated only once before, by the fabulous German Koch-Grünberg. Up the rapids-infested Ventuari live the Maquiritares, a people with a relatively high culture who occasionally come out to trade on the Orinoco but seldom want any other truck with whites—except occasionally as guides for explorers. In 1943 they had killed eight Venezuelans who had gone among them with trade goods to lure them into tapping rubber for the wartime U.S. Rubber Development Corporation. There are also the primitive Guaharibos, who have long had a fearsome name as raiders and killers.

The story of how this Frenchman and his associates managed, sometimes barely, to get along with those people, of how the Guaharibos, for instance, surrounded them at one time, characteristically stripping them of all their clothing and then walking off after a good look (presumably to see if white men are put together like other people), of their hair-raising but always genuine adventures with turbulent waters, only slightly less turbulent Indians, man-eating piranha fish, stingrays, and the like, is one of the best such stories in the growing current literature on the Amazonian wilds. It is excellent because the author is a mature man.

One picturesque touch in Gheerbrant's book served more than any other to arouse in me a powerful longing for that magnificent country. In 1931 I had a radio receiver with me on the Orinoco, the first, I believe, ever to ascend that river. I needed it for checking my chronometers, but I also used it for repaying social obligations with music. I was interested in musical tastes. The white men liked popular cafe tunes from Caracas or Rio de Janeiro. The Indians almost invariably went into raptures over grand opera or symphonic concerts from New York. Gheerbrant had with him a record player and a varied collection of records. The one record which captivated the Indians every time, no matter how naked and savage they were, which won the Frenchman many friends and had much to do with the success of his journey through country which whites on the Orinoco shun because of its wild inhabitants—was a Mozart symphony.

Latins, Indians, and Negroes

***"This New World," by William Lytle Schurz** (E. P. Dutton, 429 pp. $6), is a survey of the civilization of Latin America. Here it is reviewed by W. Rex Crawford, former exchange professor at the University of Chile and cultural attache in Brazil, who is currently on the staff of the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies.*

By W. Rex Crawford

WHEN a wise and well-written book appears on an important topic a reviewer is reduced to expressing the oft-defrauded hope that it will have as many readers as its unusual merits deserve. Such is the case with William Lytle Schurz's "This New World," a survey of the civilization of Latin America. An earlier book by Mr. Schurz, "Latin America: A Descriptive Survey," has often been called the best single treatment of its subject. Now, with the experience of a lifetime fortified by renewed firsthand contact with the lands and the men of our sister republics, he has outdone himself.

Only those who have attempted the task can appreciate the miraculous way in which he covers twenty countries and four centuries, with due attention to the chronological, the geographic, and the psychological elements of his story. He performs his "miracle" by commenting first on the environment, then on the elements that have contributed to a highly mixed population—the Indian, the Spaniard, the Negro, and the foreigner—then turning to institutions, the church, women, the city, and finally recognizing, in a separate chapter, the special nature of Brazil.

Mr. Schurz's extensive reading of sources is remarkable, but no less notable is the extent of his personal contact with the people of Latin America, his gift with a phrase, his courage in expressing opinions that are always judicious but never wishy-washy. Specialists, if not newcomers to the field, will welcome his abundant use of Spanish and Portuguese terms. Everyone can delight in his out-of-the-way information and racy anecdotes.

If there is a weakness in this admirable book it is that Mr. Schurz follows the example of Latin Americans in turning with nostalgic interest to the colonial period, rather to the neglect of the contemporary. Yet this criticism is no sooner made than one recalls his skill in modern situations.

The foreigner who ventures to write on these republics is called superficial if he always praises, is resented if he dares to criticize, as the great travelers of a century ago did with impunity. Better than any writer of our acquaintance Mr. Schurz avoids these dangers. He does not pull his punches, but his fundamental goodwill and sympathetic understanding are abundantly evident. While he pleads for more wisdom than Latin American Governments have shown in conducting their affairs in the past, he knows that we too have our unsolved problems and "it would ill become us to be patronizing" to those who share with us this new world.

—From "This New World."

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ANIMAL LIFE

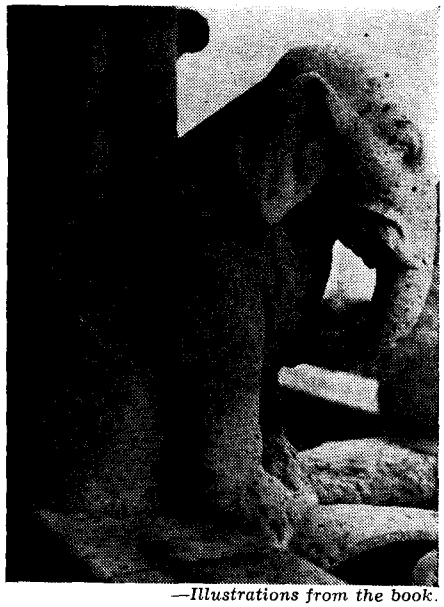
Our Neighbor Creatures

"Animals, Men, and Myths," by Richard Lewinsohn *(Harper. 394 pp. $5), surveys the history of the human race and its interrelationship with animals. Alan Devoe, who reviews it below, is the author of "Our Animal Neighbors" and other books.*

By Alan Devoe

IT is by now a familiar truth to almost everyone that man and the animals (or the "other" animals, if you will) have coexisted on this planet for a great many hundreds of thousands of years. Man being what he is, however—agile-minded, restless, creative—the coexistence has never been merely that. Men and animals have been from the beginning caught up in dynamic relationships. In one season or another, over the stretching ages, men have loved animals and hated them, worshiped them and hunted them, painted them, tamed them, employed them in sport and war, used them for money, and healed them by veterinary science. History has not been a record of man *and* animals, but of man *with* animals, the two inextricably interrelated.

Richard Lewinsohn has had one of those massive ideas so "obvious" that it is almost incredible (after the fact) that it had not previously occurred as a book subject. The answer may well be that it had, but that until Dr. Lewinsohn there was scarcely anyone equipped to handle it. What he has undertaken in "Animals, Men, and Myths" is an inclusive survey of human history and culture in terms of our interrelations with animals. There results a huge-scoped work to take its place with such enterprises as Wells's "Outline of History," Ceram's "Gods, Graves, and Scholars," and Zinsser's "Rats, Lice, and History." But this one, with its special approach and angle of insight, brings a peculiar treasure.

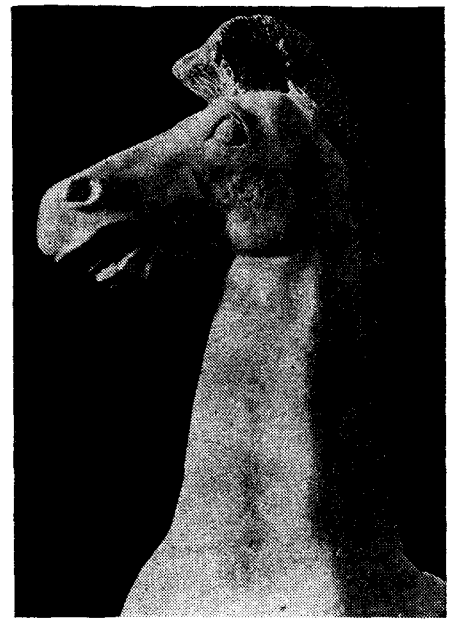


—*Illustrations from the book.*

The "Elephant of Notre-Dame."

The phrase "universal scholar" has tended to cause a certain wincing and cringing since the uproar a few years back over Dr. Velikovsky; but it must be trotted out, with a straight face, for Dr. Lewinsohn. He is a Doctor of Medicine. He is also a Doctor of Political Science. He is also an economist. He is trained in zoology, anthropology, sociology, and psychology. He is at home in literature, painting, medieval theology, and ecology. His publishers tell us that he has been "adviser to the Brazilian Government." Adviser on what? On, one would guess, just about anything.

In "Animals, Men, and Myths" Dr. Lewinsohn displays stunning erudition, a gift for organization and synthesis, and a talent for the kind of picturesque and popularized narrative that makes for smooth, absorbing reading. It is not possible to do more than faintly indicate the range of his astonishing book. Starting, with characteristic insouciance, with "the origin of life," Dr. Lewinsohn whisks through pre-history, dropping Lewinsohnisms on every page. ("Men's view of the past depends largely on the circumstances of the present. In the Napoleonic Age when Europe was being turned topsy-turvy, Cuvier quite naturally applied the geological theory of catastrophes to the animal world. During the 1830's, on the other hand, Lyell tried to show that the great changes in the surface of the earth had been wrought slowly by small, cumulative effects. He was extending to geology the political and social history of England, for during the past 150 years England had not experienced a revolution.") Taking care of Evolution, examining all theories amiably but gently placing "several grains of salt" on numerous textbook-truths, including the alleged reasons why the giant lizards died out, by page 53 Dr. Lewinsohn has got Man into the picture. ("Let us not be deceived by the theory of gradual evolution—this was a tremendous development. It was not a transition but the beginning of something entirely new.") From there on . . . well, the story of man-and-animals becomes inexpressibly crowded, intricate, and fascinating.



A horse from the Erechtheum (Acropolis).

Why did the western Roman empire collapse? It was brought about, says Dr. Lewinsohn, by the horse. What foundationed the feudal system of the Middle Ages? This "rested on the legal power of disposal over the saddle horse." The Hanseatic League? What started the downfall of that great organization was a herring shortage that occurred about 1500. And so on; but the abundance is too vast to indicate. Dr. Lewinsohn ties the popularity of pussycats in Paris in the nineteenth century to the studies of epidemic disease by pathologists. He tells about zoos, about the origins of mythical animals, about men's shifting views of animal intelligence and "personality," about anti-vivisection, silkworms, beef cattle, beavers, and just about every other animal-matter ever heard of (not forgetting the elegant and pious fete staged by Pope Leo X in which that sovereign pontiff had himself sprayed with perfumed water by an elephant while all the churchbells rang). But it is never a mere bizarre hodgepodge. All Dr. Lewinsohn's facts are caught together in the thoughtful and thought-provoking texture of interrelation.

"Animals, Men, and Myths" taken piecemeal is a wonderful bedside book or source for table-talk. There is something astonishing or provocative on every page. But taken as a whole it has a stature and strength to earn it rank as a monument.

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—From "The Mating Instinct."

Doe antelope coming back to her hidden fawn.

Universal Boydom-Girldom

"The Mating Instinct," by Lorus and Margery J. Milne *(Little, Brown. 243 pp. $4.50), a study by two zoologists of sexual behavior among the lower orders may well help members of the higher order understand better that most mysterious of all subjects, Sex.*

By J. M. Flagler

WITH the possible exception of politics, there is perhaps no other subject of common interest about which man is more essentially naive than sex. The prude may ignorantly shy from the very mention of the awful word, but does even the wisest night-club jade, tittering at a Dwight Fiske lyric, really display sophistication or merely betray a basic uneasiness about mysteries only dimly comprehended? No matter how, or where, you cut the cake, sex remains a wonder, and if there is any doubt in your mind, you are advised to read "The Mating Instinct" by Lorus and Margery J. Milne.

In this fascinating book, the Milnes, a team of lecturing and writing zoologists, are concerned with sexual behavior among the lower orders. The proper study of mankind may be man, but if, by dissecting a bull frog, we can discover something helpful about the human alimentary canal, then what might we not learn about the husband-wife relationship by considering the mating habits of the praying mantis or the bighorn sheep? (To suggest the varieties of speculation offered by such a vista, female praying mantises devour their males during the very act of mating, and herds of male bighorns sometimes stage titanic free-for-alls over their harems, ripping out horns and butting each over cliffs.)

While most of the material presented here may be familiar to the scientist or naturalist, it is for organizing it in popular, though not patronizing, form that the authors deserve commendation. Almost every page will be a revelation to those unfortunates who have not had the opportunity to study nature closely and at first hand, and this must surely take in the great mass of citybound civilization. In an early chapter, for instance, the Milnes tell how various animals accomplish the all-important and far from simple feat of identifying members of the opposite sex, some by sight, some by smell, some by voice, some by touch, and some—a lumpish creature called the burrowing shrimp, for instance—just by chance. Most marine animals, on the other hand, don't even bother with introductions; at mating season they just release eggs and sperm into the sea en masse. How these two life-components ever get together is one of those mysteries of sex. Perhaps chemical attraction is the answer, as scientists suspect, or perhaps something else not yet within the compass of human knowledge.

Most females, it is shown, demand that the male pursue them before mating, and combat between males is one of the widespread features of the mating ritual. Even male butterflies will fight over a female, although very often the exertion tires them so much that they finally lose interest in her. The chapters on the difficult subjects of Courtship and Conquest are thoroughly engrossing and written with taste, as, indeed, is most of the book. To quote one random example:

> In an English shore bird known as the ruff, the males congregate on a low knoll serving as a display ground, and there maintain a continual show of whirling and sparring with one another. The group activity appears to attract females, and they come, one at a time. Curiously enough, as soon as a female appears all of the males quiet down and spread themselves out on the ground for all the world like a club of

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men who have been telling off-color jokes and suddenly become speechless with embarrassment when a lady walks through the room.

"The Mating Instinct," though relatively short, is not a book to be devoured in an evening, but rather to be read in instalments. A well-indexed and illustrated work, it also deserves a place of reference on any stretch of bookshelf devoted to the wonders of creation and the glories of nature, and in a position a good deal closer to Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us" than to Dr. Kinsey's volumes.

Notes

FOUR FOR NATURE LOVERS: The insatiable curiosity of the average nature lover is one of the wonderful phenomena of human nature. Even professional naturalists who have spent their lives in the field are continually impressed with the amateur's ability to absorb fresh knowledge—and come back for more. The varied and assorted range of his interests is represented in four recent books which collectively contain a liberal supply of unusual facts. **"The Lives of Wild Birds",** (Doubleday, $3.50), the work of Aretas A. Saunders, a former teacher and member of the U.S. Forestry Service, is partly a guide to the identification of birds by such clues as color, habits, songs, and calls. It is also a useful handbook for the person who wishes to observe migrations, nesting cycles, and other subtly organized forms of bird activity.

"Curious Creatures," by Erna Pinner (Philosophical Library, $4.75), is a survey, complete with original and instructive drawings, of strange animal behavior. The chapter headings indicate some of the book's interesting material—"Nursing Fathers," "Four-Footed Creatures That Fly," "Living Upside Down." A chapter on the struggle for food describes snake-swallowing frogs and a species of starfish which attacks and slowly digests fish. **"They Never Talk Back,"** by Henry Trefflich (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50), is the story of a man who makes animals his business, a wholesale dealer in wild animals for circuses and zoos. The lion may be king of beasts to romanticists, but to Mr. Trefflich "he's a dime a dozen" and sells for $150 without many takers. The book includes accounts of Trefflich's adventures in procuring everything from anteaters to zebras.

Most of us have seen one or two highly magnified photographs of insects which appear like science-fiction monsters, and **"Insects Close Up,"** by Edward S. Ross (University of California Press, $1.50), is a collection of about 125 such studies—as well as descriptions of the bugs. This interesting rogue's gallery of the insect world includes detailed snapshots of a feeding bedbug, "whose long and intimate association with man seems to have begun in Eurasia many thousands of years ago." It seems that our cave-dwelling ancestors picked up the parasites from bats and swallows, and that most varieties of bedbug still prefer their original hosts. There are also fascinating studies of the mosquito, locust, ladybird beetle, ants, and an especially imposing head-on color photograph of the Jerusalem cricket. —JOHN PFEIFFER.

LIFE WITH CLARENCE: In 1940 a middle-aged and widowed English music teacher found a fallen baby sparrow, crippled and half-dead, near her doorstep. With the lady's loving care, not only did the little fellow pull through; he lived to the incredibly ripe old avian age of twelve, became a wartime London celebrity, and posthumously has made the biggest literary news of his species since Catullus wrote his ode to Lesbia's pet sparrow back in Julius Caesar's day. **"Clarence: The Life of a Sparrow,"** by Clare Kipps (Putnam, $2.50), may be a bit special for Americans, but it has been enthusiastically acclaimed and widely and enthusiastically read in England since its publication there two years ago, and with reason.

Mrs. Kipps tells of her dozen happy years with Clarence simply, charmingly, and without pretense. Together they survived the blitz—a bomb-blast once wrecked the bird's cage but failed to ruffle Clarence—and cheered their fellow citizens in shelters, hospitals, and canteens with tricks and songs.

No less an authority than Julian Huxley attests, in a foreword, that Clarence was scientifically remarkable on several scores—his extreme age, his rare adaptability to domestic life, and his unsparrowlike ability to sing. Mrs. Kipps, however, eschews any claims of special powers and doesn't even believe that Clarence was a *rara avis*—just a run-of-the-mill sparrow down on his luck, a fellow creature whom she helped out of a jam. Her reward, as she indicates with spiritual awe, was beyond any expectation: all those years of delightful companionship. —J. M. F.

"The movie they just made from his book has given him an idea for a new novel."

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The Saturday Review

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Public Opinion

TO ANY observant man who has recently crossed the country it must be apparent that there is less hysteria and more confidence in the future among one's fellow travelers and old acquaintances than might seem reasonable at a time when newspaper headlines and editorials reveal that international conferences fail to reach any solution to a divided world frantically engaged in building its armaments in preparation for a third world war. There are many reasons for this satisfactory state of mind, and most of them are proofs of the soundness of the American people at this particular time. The country is obviously prosperous; its cities and their suburban towns are expanding; new factories, new discoveries and inventions, new highways, new shopping centers are everywhere in evidence. It is almost impossible to escape the fact that the United States has become a great military power. There are men and women in uniform in almost every plane and railroad car; through the Middle West and the desert country the thunder and the vapor trails of jet planes have become so familiar that few natives or travelers take the trouble to search for them in the skies.

There is a remarkable confidence in the miracles of science as a means of overcoming the deficiencies of nature. In Texas the water level is falling. An Easterner who has never had to be concerned with the lack of rainfall at home might view the situation of a large part of that vast state with alarm. Not so the Texan, who speaks with confidence of a vast plan to turn the waters of its rivers into a number of immense lakes and to dig a deep irrigation canal across the arid region

He is so confident that a means will be found of ridding the water of the Gulf of Mexico of its salt and minerals and distributing it over the land by means of a chain of atomic power plants that he regards the future with remarkable complacency. In addition, he sees no reason why fresh water cannot be pumped in huge pipes from the Great Lakes to the Southwest. He regards the destiny of the Lone Star State with such enthusiasm that he must believe that there can be nothing wrong with it that cannot be cured.

Optimism is not solely a Texan philosophy; it is shared by New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Oregon and also what used to be called the Deep South, where a balanced economy has produced an extraordinary rise in prosperity. Out West people talk of the future but not of war, though they are not isolationists. It seems to be a common belief that the horrendous transformation of the A-bomb to the H-bomb means that no one in Russia or elsewhere will be insane enough to destroy all civilization, including that of his own country. It is also a common conviction that after our experience in Korea we should let the Asiatics manage their own affairs. To a question about the immense sums spent abroad to

strengthen our present or future allies the answer was a variation on the theme, "I guess we had to do it." They accept the concept of two worlds, and speak of the international conference in Geneva with an extraordinary lack of interest or enthusiasm. "A lot of talk that gets us nowhere."

It is perhaps better that people should have convictions that can be expressed in the simplest terms than conflicting theories that lead only to bewilderment and confusion. They do not say, "Let us have peace," since they know that the races of mankind and nations have never been wholly at peace with one another. What they say is, "We won't have another world war." It is a simplification of a belief that has for centuries seemed to be a hopeless quest. If it is true that the majority of the plain people of this country now are confident in their faith we may expect a change in the climate of public opinion that must have a profound effect on the world. If the people of Europe and Asia can also believe that in this generation there will be no great war between the nations we will be within sight of mankind's last hope, a united and reasonably peaceful world.

THERE is evidence elsewhere than in our cosmopolitan cities that the minor and major arts are flourishing; small towns have their own orchestras and yearly festivals; summer theatres in auditoriums, remodeled barns, or under the clear sky are everywhere; native artists, who may be housewives or businessmen, exhibit their work in small galleries or even an empty store on Main Street. Writers' conferences, under the auspices of colleges or universities, gather in more aspiring and eager neophytes every year. There are more books bought than ever before, since the increase in the five-day week has given more leisure to read than ever before.

All of these advances in American cultural activities are due to a great extent to prosperity and, in comparison with most of the world, to the high wages paid to workingmen and -women. The assurance of a long and healthy life has led to youthful marriages and to an unexpected increase in the number of children born to the average parents. There is faith in the future, hope for a better life, and charity in abundance for the less fortunate and the afflicted, at home and abroad. For those who cannot afford the money or the leisure to join the 600,000 tourists who are crossing the Atlantic this summer a trip across this continent by car or bus will prove to be an experience and an adventure in faith that no American can afford to miss.

—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PRINCETON GLAMOUR

MR. BEIZER'S ISOPEEVE [Letters, *SR* May 29] struck a responsive, if tangential, chord in this Princeton Parent. I'm just SOPC, Sick of Princeton Characters, because they seem so limited, as though the writers were unaware of much of the life of the students, the university, and the rest of the world. Not only does more go on in Padooka, but more goes on in Princeton than they tell (or know?).

Princeton, perhaps more than Harvard or Yale, is dragged into contemporary literature for a variety of valid reasons. Princeton men seem gabbier than others, perhaps because there is a ban on autos and the breathtakingly beautiful campus is such an insular self-contained unit in a small town that the men *have* to break out and communicate with the other world.

A Hollywood glamour inheres in the name, and once such an aura is established it's a semantic shortcut. Send your hero to P.U. and a whole dream world is compressed in a word. But the truly compelling glamour of Princeton lies in its devotion to pure learning. Princeton has no professional schools for utilitarian ends except the engineering and architectural schools, but these (I crib from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*) "are so strongly humanistic in their curricula and methods that they are in marked contrast in this respect with the usual American engineering schools." The result is that any novelist who didn't go to Princeton does the next best thing and sends his hero.

Heavens, I'm sabotaging ISOP; I've got around to demanding more rather than fewer novels about Princetonians. This is apparently the inevitable result of any contact with Princeton.

DOROTHY A. REINKEN.

Plainfield, N. J.

MURDER IN ONTARIO

I WOULD LIKE TO CLARIFY my fellow readers of *SR* on some points raised by Mr. W. E. Greening of Montreal in his "Trial by Newspaper" letter [*SR* May 22].

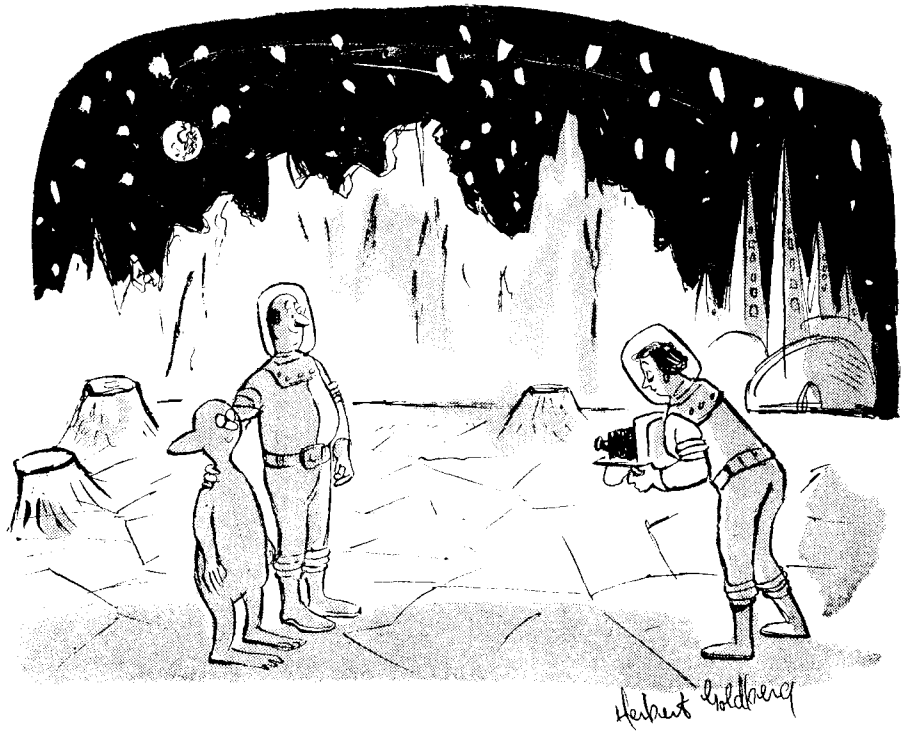
It is true that Fawcett Publications was fined for contempt of court because its *True Police Cases* magazine, of which I was editor at the time, carried in story form an account of the investigation of an Ontario murder prior to the conclusion of the trial. Mr. Greening, however, did not mention that two other United States publishing houses (Triangle Publications Inc. and TD Publishing Corporation) were similarly fined.

Fawcett Publications did not run "several articles" on the case, as Mr. Greening stated, but just the one story. The basic facts in this account had appeared previously from day to day in the Canadian press. Therefore anyone who was interested could have kept a file of those news stories and read the full account at the same time as he or she read the story in one of the three magazines.

In presenting a smooth reading, complete story of a criminal investigation, it is necessary to interpolate material to link the somewhat disconnected facts in day-to-day newspaper accounts. I feel that Mr. Greening overshot the mark when he referred to this kind of story as a "type of evil."

HAMILTON PECK.

New York, N. Y.



CAN GERMANS "TAKE IT"?

IN ERICH REMARQUE'S "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" there is one thought which disturbs me, as it has in all war novels of German origin which I have read. I mean the attitude of the civilians during and after air raids.

No one relishes bombing, but the bestial and callous reaction of the German civilians described in all these novels, their proclivity for plundering and looting, their lack of concern for what happens to anyone but the individual self—all comes as a terrific moral shock to anyone who remembers the British during similar disasters. It is not a display of anti-Germanism, since time and again the pens of their own writers convict them. In none of the German-written novels has there ever been indication that the air raids were met by the moral strength demonstrated by the British.

May I recount one episode which happened to a friend of mine (a Yugoslav) during an air raid. She was hurrying in her own car to the BBC to keep a propaganda broadcasting date when a shrapnel fragment caused a tire blowout. Running to a shelter she asked for help and an aged London cab driver willingly left the protection of the shelter to drive her to the broadcasting station. It wasn't a big air raid, but you can be killed just as easily in a little raid, and, in addition, it was raining. Another shrapnel splinter ripped through the soft top of the old cab neatly slicing the coat of my friend, but not touching her. Said the cabby, "Oh, ma'm, too bad, now you'll get wet."

It's just one of thousands of stories but I have never read their German counterparts. There's no doubt the Germans can "dish it out," but can they "take it"?

What is the missing quality of character? Is it a terrible personal inadequacy in time of individual peril and disaster, or is it lack of that most basic element of humanity, "brotherly love and concern." Many of us feel it is a dangerous and deep character defect which will make these Germans dangerous allies.

L. S. MUNN.

New York, N. Y.

BARNARD, NOT BERNARD

IT WOULD ALSO be justice to George Grey Barnard [LETTERS, *SR* May 29] to spell his name correctly.

WALTER SIMMONS.

Harrisburg, Pa.

THE POLITICAL CARTOON

AS ONE WHO DABBLED with cartoons many years ago, I take exception to the article by Henry Ladd Smith, "The Rise and Fall of the Political Cartoon" [*SR* May 29]. Apparently he despises cartoons because they are not objective. Fortunately, the world does not subscribe to this theory. The leaders who have taken public opinion off dead center have seldom been objective. Savonarola, Luther, Samuel Adams, and Senator McCarthy are random examples. Being a professor, Mr. Smith probably can never realize the value of the strong editorial cartoon as a positive force.

VERNE SALINGER.

Stockbridge, Wisc.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Third Trip for the Caine

THEORETICALLY at least, there is no good reason why a movie should have to stand comparison with the book or play from which it was derived. The film is an art in its own right with its own form, its own laws. As a purely practical matter, however, Stanley Kramer's version of **"The Caine Mutiny"** (Columbia) will inevitably suffer many such comparisons, for Herman Wouk's prize-winning novel is, if not the best, certainly one of the most widely read novels of our generation. And his own play adaptation of the novel has been seen and acclaimed not only on Broadway but, during its year-long road tour, throughout the United States.

And so Mr. Kramer's picture starts out with two very serious strikes against it. Millions will have already formed their own conception of the characters before they see the film; while the level of excellence achieved in the novel, and even more especially in the play, provides an imposing yardstick against which the film repeatedly will be measured. Of course, there is also one very tangible gain, as Mr. Kramer is undoubtedly aware. Those millions who have either read, seen, or heard about the work in its earlier incarnations constitute a vast, pre-sold audience that will certainly be curious to see what the movies have done for (or to) it.

The answer is: both a great deal and not enough. Physically, Mr. Kramer's "Caine" is impressive. He has taken out appropriate "star insurance"—Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray—to make his film look big on any marquee. His settings, many of them loaned by the Navy Department, are on the grand scale. And all the best-remembered passages from the book—the strawberry incident, the yellow stain incident, the typhoon, the trial—have been incorporated into the film with that special concern for visual detail that is the motion picture's truest province. We see the *Caine* cut its own towline, participate in the run for the beaches until the yellow marker is dropped, watch the wind-lashed seas lift the ship, its propellers helplessly flailing, from the crest of one mountainous wave to the next, as the fury of the typhoon increases. The sweep, the tension of such scenes as these not only capture but enhance the original excitement of the novel.

But there is more to adapting a book to the screen than merely reproducing its key scenes. Wouk himself demonstrated his awareness that different forms demand different solutions when he carved from his novel "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," compressing into that brief, taut play all the drama, the meaning, the very essence of his vast and action-packed story. It is conceivable that a conventional three-act play could have been written that hewed more closely to the scheme of events in the novel (with officers in the ward room discussing Queeg's cowardice in the yellow stain affair or speaking distastefully of their prolonged search for the key to the food lockers after the strawberry incident). But in Wouk's play all of this serves as simply the raw material, the background for characters.

This same kind of reforging of the raw materials into a new and valid film form is precisely what is lacking in Stanley Roberts's screenplay. Faced with a similar problem, Daniel Taradash drastically trimmed and changed the incidents and structure of James Jones's even vaster "From Here to Eternity" and yet emerged with a script that preserved the flavor and intent of the original. Roberts, on the other hand, has chosen to hold rather closely to both the key incidents and their order in Wouk's novel, and the results are not always fortunate. His script begins with Willie Keith at Officers Training School (although graduating rather than entering), and ends with Willie taking over the bridge of a new ship. To help condense and tie together the many episodes between these two auspicious occasions, Roberts uses Lieutenant Maryk's log on Captain Queeg's symptoms of increasing mental instability as an obvious and convenient device. But since he introduces it rather early into the story—after only two "incidents," in fact—this device has the effect of throwing an equivocal light on the protested loyalty of Maryk himself.

It is in the handling of Willie Keith, however, that the weakness of Roberts's basic approach is most clearly evidenced. In the novel, Wouk used young, sensitive Willie as the eyes through which the reader might see Queeg, the *Caine*, and indeed the entire naval operation more closely. He was both a point of reference and a point of view. In the film, on the other

THE BOOK: The success of "The Caine Mutiny" is a vigorous illustration of a nationwide mutiny against misappraisal. Back in 1951 there was hardly a soul around who felt like launching the *Caine*; leading citizens of the literary world were then firmly anchored to a theory that the public had had its fill of war novels. The first publisher to read Herman Wouk's manuscript turned it down, bad timing being one of the reasons.

The big book clubs turned it down, too. The big magazines liked it but, uncertain that their readers would, turned down a chance at serial rights. The critics hailed the book (mostly in short reviews, relegated to the inside pages of the book-review sections) but, without exception, they failed to realize that the typhoon that struck the *Caine* was possibly the greatest meteorological occurrence in fiction since "Gone With the Wind." "The wildest hope at Doubleday was for a sale of 50,000 copies," a Doubleday man said the other day. Notwithstanding, the *Caine*, propelled chiefly by word-of-mouth praise, broke loose from these moorings to rack up a remarkable series of victories as a novel, as a play, and, beginning this week, as a movie. To date, according to its publisher, it has sold 3,000,000 copies in six editions (illustrated, paperback, condensed, in play form) in the U.S. alone—across the counter and through book clubs. (The clubs later jumped aboard, offering the novel either as an "alternate selection" or as a bonus to new members.) The original $3.95 edition has gone through twenty printings, four of them of 50,000 or better.

In a single month—November 1951—it sold 62,491 copies. It was on the best seller list of *The New York Times* for 123 weeks. It won a Pulitzer Prize. Further, it has been syndicated in forty-one American newspapers and has been published in thirteen foreign countries, including Japan. A piece of it was converted by Wouk himself into a play called "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," which toured the U.S. for a half-season before opening at the Plymouth Theatre on Broadway last January. The house is filled nightly (capacity: 1,063 seats plus twenty-five standees for a weekly gross of $33,500), with tickets now being sold through next winter. As for the movie, it opened at the Capitol in New York on June 24. Line forms to the right.

—BERNARD KALB.

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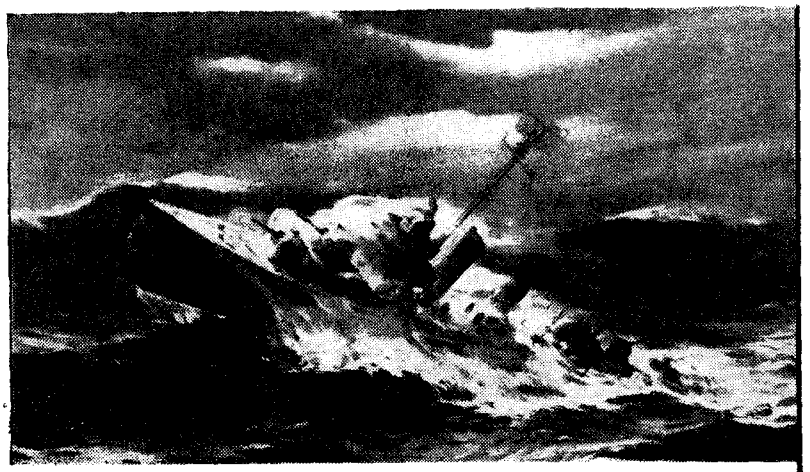


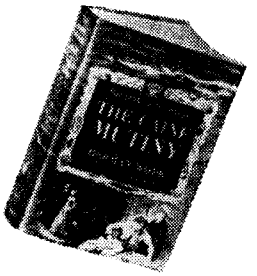
THE CAINE MUTINY IS A GREAT MOTION PICTURE!

THE CAINE MUTINY

STARRING **HUMPHREY BOGART · JOSE FERRER**
VAN JOHNSON · FRED MacMURRAY
and introducing **ROBERT FRANCIS • MAY WYNN**

color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Screen Play by STANLEY ROBERTS • Based upon the Pulitzer prize winning novel by Herman WOUK • Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK • A COLUMBIA PICTURE
A STANLEY KRAMER PROD.



Success Story!

For two and a half years on the best-seller list—Number One for more than a year! Winner of the Pulitzer Prize! 12,000,000 have read it! And now it is immortalized on the screen—the story of the Caine...

QUEEG
THE CAPTAIN...
lonely, the loneliest man alive!

GREENWALD
THE SEA-LAWYER...
a man who knows how to hate!

MARYK
THE EXEC...
for heroism—a court-martial!

KEEFER
THE TROUBLE-MAKER...*who keeps out of trouble himself!*

WILLIE
THE ENSIGN...
a wide-eyed kid whose eyes are opened even wider!

Yes, all the people, the passions, the power of the book...the officer from Princeton and the crew with names like Horrible and Meatball . . . the hulk with only rust to keep the water out . . . the damning diary . . . the yellow stain on the sea . . . the stolen strawberries . . . the girl who sings torch-songs . . . the typhoon . . . the nightmare of the court-martial ...the agonizing moment of decision!

IN NEW YORK CITY: NOW AT THE CAPITOL—B'way & 51st St.

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hand, the camera has its own independent point of view and Willie, now seen objectively, becomes simply another character in the drama—and, it must be admitted, far from the most interesting. Yet, because he figured prominently in the book, an inordinate amount of footage is allotted him in the picture, including a totally irrelevant romantic interlude in Yosemite Park.

ROBERTS has made one significant alteration, however, one change that affects the *meaning* of the film as well as its structure. Defense Attorney Barney Greenwald no longer explains his distaste for Maryk's case in terms of his old Jewish mother and Goering's backside. His religion no longer enters into it: he speaks instead as a citizen who recognizes the value of a peacetime navy, upbraiding not only the novel-writing Keefer (who still gets the champagne in his face) but all the officers on the *Caine* for not having stood by their captain when he needed their help. It may well be that this, and one or two similar scenes, was the price that the Navy demanded for the use of its minesweepers, an airplane carrier, and stock footage. It may even be that Kramer found the price trifling. But the fact is that two of Wouk's most important characters now emerge somewhat differently, and the accent of the entire work has been shifted from the case history of a psychopath (with anti-Navy overtones) to a forthright cheer for the Navy and a paranoid commander—an effect heightened by the blaring, Movietone-News-ish marches from Max Steiner's score.

On the other hand, working from a novel whose characters are as fully realized and dimensioned as those in "The Caine Mutiny" would seem to give the actors a firm grasp on their roles that is often quite independent of the script. Although Jose Ferrer appears on the screen for less than twenty minutes, his portrait of Barney Greenwald is filled with inflections and insights that could have come only from the book itself. Fred MacMurray as Lieutenant Keefer, the real instigator of the mutiny on the *Caine*, goes even farther; he actually projects Keefer's wilful viciousness, his flip disregard for the consequences of his actions more clearly than Wouk did in the novel, while still maintaining the superficial charm of a glib intellectual that so utterly ensnared Willie and the honest, plodding Maryk. Again, although the script furnishes Van Johnson with remarkably little from which to build the role of Maryk, Johnson implies a great deal simply through his knowledge of the background and mental makeup of the man that the book provided.

It is on Queeg, however, that "The Caine Mutiny" must ultimately rest. This frightened, insecure, querulous man, small of mind and mean of spirit, must at the same time possess the qualities of authority and command. It is a varied, demanding, taxing role, and Humphrey Bogart assumes it with astonishing skill. Physically, he suggests at once a forceful spit-and-polish officer who can win the immediate respect of a crew. In his mouth, the meaningless clichés—"Kay," "I kid you not"—and the strange circumlocutions that give the first hint of his true nature still have the ring of natural speech. But as Queeg's nerves begin to crumble, Bogart slowly slips away from the cool, confident hero of innumerable melodramas, away from Bogart the sterotyped "tough guy," until in his frozen panic in the pilot-house at the height of the typhoon, the poisonous red of the emergency lights transforming his face into a demonic mask, in his frantic bravado and sudden, frightful collapse on the witness stand, he reveals an acting talent of the first magnitude.

On its third trip out, the *Caine* perhaps fares less well than on its earlier voyages. But there are still innumerable qualities, both in the film and in the original work, that make this one of the most stimulating and satisfying dramas of the season.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Fred MacMurray, Jose Ferrer, Robert Francis—"Kramer has taken out 'star insurance'."

The trial—"this frightened, querulous man, small of mind and mean of spirit."

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Tale of One City

FOR many years in my meanderings in and out of radio and television studios in one capacity or another—hack writer or brilliant actor—I have regularly come up against the proposition popularly held by network and advertising executives that most people who listen to radio or watch television are moronic. Or as the executives put it more gently: "Yes, but will they understand that joke in Des Moines?"

To be able to answer that question the next time it is put to me, and more importantly to give my readers the kind of on-the-spot research and reporting they have come to expect from me in these columns, I decided to visit Des Moines. On my way to Grand Central Station the taxi passed the Public Library at Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue, so I got out there instead. I have now a memo of great import to the mass-media executives which will clear up a lot of thinking, I hope, in the future planning of radio and television entertainment.

Des Moines, Iowa, has a population of 177,965; including suburbs, 235,780.

The average per family income is $5,911.

Besides its daily newspapers, more than eighty periodicals are published in Des Moines—among them *Better Homes and Gardens,* with a circulation of more than three and a half million; and *Look* magazine, with 3,700,000 circulation, also has publishing offices in Des Moines. Annual payroll, $7,500,000.

Forty-nine insurance companies have their home offices in Des Moines, and more than a hundred branch companies employing 5,000 persons, with a payroll of more than nine million dollars annually.

There are about 95,000 telephones in Des Moines, 125,000 radio sets, 25,000 television sets.

Des Moines manufacturing plants produce over 500 products valued at more than three hundred million dollars annually and sold throughout the world. These products include cosmetics, medicines, wearing apparel, food products, and airplane parts.

There are over 200 churches in Des Moines.

One of the most beautiful art museums in the United States is located in Des Moines; it contains a permanent display of paintings by world-renowned artists, and traveling exhibits come regularly throughout the year. Also offered here are courses in painting, sculpture, and ceramics.

The Civic Music Association has a membership of 4,000 in Des Moines.

Drake University is located in Des Moines, also the Des Moines Still College of Osteopathy, the American Institute of Business, the Capital City Commercial College, and the Des Moines College of Pharmacy. The college population of Des Moines is 6,500.

There are seventy-two grade, junior-high, and high schools with an average attendance of 32,837; free textbooks are furnished to the young students.

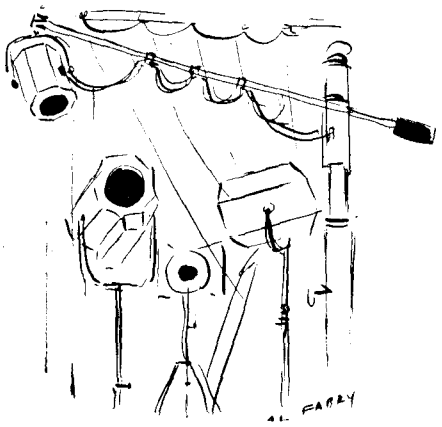
Iowa, of which Des Moines is the capital, has twenty-two colleges, twenty-two junior colleges, a state university, and two state colleges.

Iowa, in case you didn't know, leads the nation in literacy—99.2 per cent.

Copies of this important memo are available to all advertising and network executives. They come in two sizes—the regular size, which will fit under the glass tops of the desks of the Brothers Brooks, or the asbestos scroll, which fits into a small shrine of the paneled office of a network vice-president where a candle may be lighted daily as beacon along the confused road of radio and television thinking. Also several copies are available for some of the big comedians to be used as exercises in their night-school classes.

Also I should add that Iowa, of which Des Moines is the capital, produces more corn than any other area of equal size in the world—one fifth of the corn crop of the United States. So when they come home to watch television at night, the people of Iowa want to get away from their business and would enjoy a change of diet.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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EDMUND PURDOM
JOHN ERICSON
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And the Singing Voice of
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Music from "THE STUDENT PRINCE" by
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Directed by RICHARD THORPE
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The Gesture and the Tone

"The Actor's Ways and Means," by Michael Redgrave *(Theatre Arts Books. 90 pp. $3), a collection of essays on his art by a British actor widely known in this country through his film appearances. Here it is reviewed by Norris Houghton, co-producer at New York's Phoenix Theatre.*

By Norris Houghton

IN 1953 Britain's Bristol University invited Michael Redgrave to deliver a series of four public lectures on the art of acting. Thanks to their publication in a small volume entitled "The Actor's Ways and Means," we are able to audit these lectures, learn something about the personality and mind of one of England's most distinguished contemporary theatre artists, and pick up in the process some clarifying thoughts about the esthetic problems of the actor. I have placed the discovery of the author ahead of the matter of his book because I think the greater stimulation lies there.

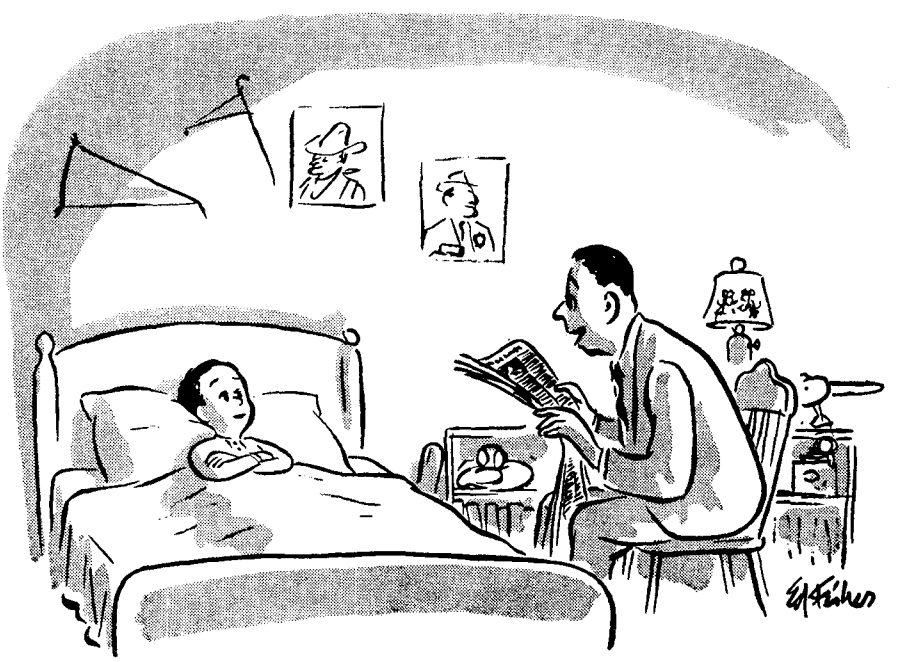
Actors—at least actors on this side of the Atlantic—are regularly unwilling and, I suspect, unable to offer any kind of artistic apologia either publicly or privately. Apart from our professional critics, it is to our directors, designers, playwrights that we look for essays, books, lectures on various aspects of stagecraft and the drama. (I think offhand of the stimulating articles and speeches of Maxwell Anderson, Harold Clurman, Arthur Hopkins, Arthur Miller, Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson—practising theatre workers all.) From American actors, however, there is silence, save for an occasional anecdotal-memoir chirruping in the magazines our ladies pick up at their hairdressers.

Then along comes this Englishman; no theoretical recluse, mind you, but a constantly employed performer, who has impressed, moved, and delighted millions in such motion pictures as "The Lady Vanishes," "Dead of Night," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "The Browning Version," and who in recent seasons has ruled the stages of the Old Vic and the Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. With facility and felicity he opens to us his storehouse of reading and experience.

Mr. Redgrave has roamed the bookshelves omnivorously chewing up everybody who ever had anything to say about his art: beginning with Longinus and Quintilian and progressing on from La Bruyere to Baudelaire, through Claudel and Copeau and Coquelin, Diderot and Delsarte, Fanny Kemble and Sarah Bernhardt, William Poel and Marcel Proust, Henry James, Louis Jouvet, Desmond MacCarthy, and, of course, Constantin Stanislavski. Mr. Redgrave's erudition is considerable but he makes light and graceful use of it. One sets down his little book with delight at having made the acquaintance of a cultivated gentleman who can talk seriously but with flecks of humor, authoritatively but with modesty about a subject that he knows well.

IT would be difficult to claim that "The Actor's Ways and Means" throws much new light on the art of acting. This is no guidebook or manual in the popular "how-to-do-it" vein. The serious student of acting would doubtless learn more of practical value to him from the pages of Stanislavski's "An Actor Prepares" and "Building a Character," from Richard Boleslavski's little "Acting: The First Six Lessons." But after he has drawn what he can from such works he would do well to read Mr. Redgrave's lectures to place them in perspective and to see how an accomplished and experienced performer has made use of them.

Early in his book Mr. Redgrave divides performers into the "personality" actors, those who translate each role into their own personalities, and those "protean" actors (he borrows the phrase from the English critic Walkley) who do the reverse. While paying tribute to certain outstanding examples of the former—Charles Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Marie Tempest—he makes it clear that for him the other sort of acting is the goal, and most of "The Actor's Ways and Means" is concerned with his personal search for the technique a performer may employ in order, within the framework of an individual style, to lose himself in or fuse himself with the character he must bring to life. The degree of success with which Redgrave has accomplished this in his own career thus far may be judged externally by the excellent photographs of him in a vast variety of roles that are included in this volume. To judge less superficially would require attendance at his live performances, an opportunity which has been denied most of us in this country but which we hope may soon be remedied by more visits of this actor-author to our shores. Meanwhile, this small book serves to whet our appetite.



". . . **MR. JENKINS:** 'I think I am entitled to a yes or no answer.' **MR. STEVENS:** 'Well, as I recall . . .' **SEN. McCARTHY:** 'May I finish my sentence? . . .' **SEN. SYMINGTON:** 'The Junior Senator from Wisconsin can finish his sentence on his own time' . . ."

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Stage of Millions

"Cocteau on Film: A Conversation Recorded by André Fraigneau" *(translated by Vera Traill. Roy Publishers. 140 pp. $3.50) brings together the opinions and theories of one of the most provocative experimenters with the film form.*

By Arthur Knight

JEAN COCTEAU has chosen a particularly happy form in which to offer his theories, observations, and criticisms of the art of the motion picture in a new book, "Cocteau on Film: A Conversation Recorded by André Fraigneau." He is a lively and fluent conversationalist, and his ideas are always stimulating and provocative. The former enables him to speak of what he knows, or what he thinks he knows, without the dulling necessity of checking facts and references that the author of a more formal presentation must submit to. Cocteau, who has either written or directed nine pictures, was never the kind of man who would let a mere fact stand in the way of a good idea.

Unfortunately, the basic fact about Cocteau's films is that they are not, either literally or financially, popular. Their appeal is limited, their audience specialized. This in no way detracts from the excitement of a "Sang d'un Poète" or "Orphée"; but to build a theory of film from such works is like the blind man describing an elephant from its tail. Yet M. Cocteau does not hesitate. "A work of art," he says, "should be made of such a shape that people don't know which way to hold it, which embarrasses and irritates the critics, incites them to be rude, but keeps it fresh. The less it's understood, the slower it opens its petals, the later it will fade."

This may be true of the older arts, but film just doesn't work that way. A movie is not like a book or a painting that can be turned to again and again. Its very nature dictates that the petals be fairly well open, for the first viewing or its chances of being seen again are slim indeed. Cocteau draws some satisfaction from noting that "in New York 'Le Sang d'un Poète' has been running for the past fifteen years at the same cinema." This, of course, is not strictly true, although it has been revived from time to time; but even if it were, how many opportunities have the petals of such recent Cocteau efforts as "Les Parents Terribles" and "L'Aigle à Deux Têtes" had to unfold? They made little or no impression on their first viewing, and vanished accordingly.

On the other hand, Cocteau comes considerably closer to the truth when he points out that even an unsuccessful film, a picture that fails to make back its costs at the boxoffice, is still apt to reach a wider audience than a successful book or play. Yet the full implications of this fact elude him, the popular nature of the film medium itself. He says, quite frankly, that through the mass audience he hopes his films will reach "the few unknown spectators for whom it was destined"; and draws a sharp distinction between the cinema as a form of mass entertainment, and the cinematograph, "the image-making machine." His interest, of course, is in the cinematograph, in the process of creation. But even

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEARE SERVES SUPPER

Marilyn Venable of Dallas, Texas, has selected ten Shakespearean references to meals and asks you to identify the plays and the speakers. If, of the twenty units of information sought, you get thirteen or fewer, you are undernourished; if fourteen to sixteen, in fair fettle, and if better than sixteen, highly eupeptic. Answers on page 34.

1. "I charge thee, invite them all; let in the tide
   Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide."
2. "Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table."
3. "If you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon."
4. "Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner."
5. "What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?"
6. "You would eat chicken i' the shell?"
7. "I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come."
8. "Unquiet meals make ill digestions."
9. "Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour."
10. "He hath eaten me out of house and home."

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when he laments the high cost of creating the celluloid, Cocteau fails to relate it to the vast audiences who can make films a paying proposition.

This brief book is at its best when Cocteau is describing the how and why of his productions. It is fascinating to discover what he thought he was doing in those films of his that didn't come off, as well as to learn the techniques and experiments behind those that did. (Although one could wish that the numerous and handsome illustrations in this book actually illustrated some of the more difficult points that Cocteau was trying to make: describing a technical feat is never easy.) No less fascinating are his numerous digressions—his railing against the critics, his advice to young 16mm enthusiasts, and especially the intense, the incredible self-revelation of an ambivalent artist who both scorns and seeks the understanding and approbation of the multitude.

Notes

THE FILM IN FRANCE: Every so often it becomes necessary to discover the French film again. Its qualities change, new styles emerge, new personalities thrust their way forward, and suddenly the generalizations that one is apt to make to summarize the films from France no longer seem to apply. Georges Sadoul's brief but closely-written and highly informative book, **"French Film"** (British Book Centre, $3.50), explains why. The latest in Roger Manvell's valuable National Cinema Series, it examines the origins of the French film but passes rapidly to the modern era.

What Sadoul has done so effectively is to sketch in the background, both industrial and social, against which the pictures themselves emerged. Thus we find that René Clair's delightful "Le Million" is one of the last carefree splurges of pre-Depression film production in France; by the time he made his next picture, "A Nous la Liberté," all Europe was in the grip of the economic crisis, and the film's utopian finale was hardly in accordance with the temper of the times. As the crisis deepened many of the larger picture companies went under and enterprising, even unscrupulous, promoters hastened in to take their places. Film making became a hazardous affair, but youthful enthusiasts like Renoir and Carné could generally find backing for their ideas from these fly-by-nights. The common man, usually played by Jean Gabin, became the screen's new hero. Sadoul goes on to show how, as the war clouds gathered, the optimism of the mid-Thirties gave way to somber, despairing Gabin portraits like "Quai de Brumes."

But Sadoul's greatest contribution lies in his sections on the film during the Occupation, a chapter that has hitherto been left largely to hearsay and conjecture. Since Sadoul has above all else a tremendous respect for facts (he is slowly working his way through an enormous "Histoire Générale du Cinéma" that has already reached four volumes), one can accept his mild conclusions as a fair summation of the situation. "Almost without exception," he writes, "French directors and film writers managed to avoid the pitfalls of collaboration, and the majority were able to 'resist' actively."

"French Film" ends on a troubled note. The industry is again in crisis, a crisis brought on largely by our own intensive exploitation of the European market. Sadoul ends his history with 1950. If anything, the situation has worsened in the past few years. But, as Sadoul suggests, "every decline, or hesitation, has been followed by a new upward surge." One has only to think of Clair and Renoir and Carné to join him in hoping that the new upsurge will come soon. —A. K.

PICTURE YEARBOOK: Daniel Blum, who turns out books faster than most men write letters, offers in his fifth annual **"Screen World 1954"** (Greenberg, $4.50) a compilation of the casts and credits of all films, domestic and foreign, released in the United States during 1953. As a clue to Mr. Blum's own enthusiasms—indicated by the number of stills allotted each title—the book is perhaps rewarding; but as a work of serious reference the volume is full of frustrations. The order of entries is utterly without rhyme or reason, English films are as apt to turn up among the American pictures as in the foreign section, and there is no indication of actual release dates (indeed, a number of the titles included didn't appear at all until well into 1954). No introduction explains these eccentricities, but a comprehensive index serves as a sorely-needed guide. What the movies really could use, rather than a paste-up job like this, is an annual companion to John Chapman's "Best Plays." —A. K.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Timon of Athens" (Timon). 2. "As You Like It" (the Old Duke). 3. "The Comedy of Errors" (Dromio of Syracuse). 4. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Page). 5. "The Taming of the Shrew" (Grumio). 6. "Troilus and Cressida" (Cressida). 7. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Evans). 8. "The Comedy of Errors" (the Abbess). 9. "Richard II" (Gaunt). 10. "II Henry IV" (Mistress Quickly).

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming issues.

THE CAUSES AND TREATMENT OF BACKWARDNESS. By Sir Cyril Burt. Philosophical Library. $3.75. A study, through selected case histories, of the causes and cures of backwardness in children.

CAVALRY OF THE SKY. By Lynn Montross. Harper & Bros. $3. A history of the part the Marine Corps has played in the perfection of that spider of the skies the helicopter, and of how its uses in World War II and Korea have proved that it is invaluable for rescue work, troop carrying, and peeking into solariums.

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THE GREEN PLACE. By Keith Jennison. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3. A day in Central Park as it is spent by the hero, who is trying to sort out his filing system, a friend who is a busboy as well as a thief, and a girl who is getting nervous about marriage.

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STRATEGY FOR THE WEST. By J. C. Slessor. William Morrow & Co. $3. An assessment in terms of Allied air strength and air defense of the present position of the free world in relation to the lands on the other side of the Iron Curtain, by an air tactics expert.

A WREATH FOR THE ENEMY. By Pamela Frankau. Harper & Bros. $3.50. Miss Frankau's new novel—last year's "To the Moment of Triumph" was her most recent—involves the revelations and understandings that are endured by a group of teenagers and young folk at a Riviera hotel, which is run by the father of one of the narrators. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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A Man Named Smith

Continued from page 18

book we have yet had on the zanyism of Hollywood. "Larks in the Popcorn" displays the micromegalomania of the commuter playing at country squire. In "Lo, the Former Egyptian" and "We Went Thataway" Smith takes us across country, surveying the land of filling stations and motels, of souvenirs and insomnia, of indigestion, neon lights, roadside zoos, and dude ranches. As his special study he has taken the cowboy, the great synthetic American hero with a heart purer than Ivory Soap.

Recently, following in Mark Twain's footsteps, he has gone abroad and in his "London Journal" has told us a great deal about England and a great deal more about America.

ONE aspect of the contemporary scene that interests him especially is the vernacular. He does not carry the interest as far as Ring Lardner did, but he notes Dizzy Dean's "airs" for "errors" and "far" for "fire" and points out that his past for "slide" is not "slud," as Joe Williams had said it was, but "slood," riming with "wood." When characters in his books use malapropisms they have the ring of authenticity, such as the Brooklynese "surface" for service." His analyses of upper-class and cockney English are keen and show that listening to speech is a serious business with him.

As a folk humorist, Smith finds Culture, with a capital C, fair game. He says that he has "peasant tastes" and glories in his ignorance. He prefers Bing Crosby to Flagstad and suspects that people who cheer and whistle at an entrechat at the ballet are chiefly calling attention to the superior delicacy of their own perceptions. Isadora Duncan's "snatching up scarves and leaping around in the fields," so far as he is concerned, was merely "her way of demonstrating that her digestion was good." In poetry he professes himself "strictly a 'Shooting of Dan McGrew man," and when it comes to philosophy, high thought, and the eternal verities he agrees with Mencken, whom he vastly admires, that these things load the human mind beyond its plimsoll line.

Nonetheless, even though he would disclaim it as a libel, Smith is primarily an intellectual writer. That is, he is not emotional, flowing with Hoosier "cornbread-and-molasses sentimentality." Dogs that howl beside their dead masters bore him, and as for cats that get trapped in walls he believes that it would be a wonderful thing for all cats to get trapped in walls and left there. He is devoid of the crusading instinct. He has no message for the age, no reforms to further, no fealty to any institution, no love for humanity in the abstract, and no desire to be loved or respected by the general public.

The thing he has, however, is worth, in a writer, all of these put together. And that one thing is detachment—the indispensable basis for honesty in a writer. For H. Allen Smith is honest. To those who don't know, it may seem little to say. To those who do, it is everything. There are no clichés in his writing and no acceptance of the reports or opinions of others where he can see and judge for himself. He doesn't tell lies, not even noble lies. He keeps his humor pure, in a way that some of his critics cannot even comprehend, by being honest; for without honesty humor is one of the corruptest manifestations of the human mind. The gladsome chuckle of the announcer as he archly nears the commercial, the forced jollity of the worldly parson, the sniggering of the puritan over a sadistic joke—these things make the flesh creep.

Some who indulge in them have protested sanctimoniously against Smith's bawdry. "The delicate bouquet of a subway rest room," says one, holding his nose. "Barnyard and boudoir!" cries another, reaching for his handkerchief with one hand while marking the place with the other. But like Chaucer and Rabelais, Smith speaks plainly. A wayfaring man, though a member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, cannot mistake his meaning. "I gave up dancing," he says, "as a ridiculous striving after that which can best be attained in the boudoir." How clear! How ignoble! How sensible!

SMITH'S humor might be described as quietly boisterous. He is softly outrageous and gently shocking. There is the surprise of a fine excess in being told that the upper-class English talk "like indignant turkey gobblers" or that Foyles's immense and untidy bookstore presents "a scene of literary confusion unmatched since William Lyon Phelps."

Much of it is sheer *good* humor. He does not belong to the school, so popular on radio and television, that seems to think that only insults are funny. He delights in the preposterous and rejoices in the fortuitous. He has a wonderful story of a resourceful prisoner who when put on bread and water—plain bread for breakfast and lunch, and raisin bread for supper—outwitted his jailers by saving his two slices of plain bread and putting the slice of raisin bread between them to make a sandwich. Equally good is the delight of an American hostess at having a titled Englishman for a houseguest because it permitted her, when she heard him stirring in the morning, to say, "The lord is risen."

One of his best strokes, a flash of pure Midwestern genius, is his reflection—on seeing the playing fields of Eton—that here was where the Battle of Yorktown was lost.

Smith is a skeptic. "I don't believe in anything," he says, and adds, with quiet devastation, "and am therefore safe." When told of the "miracle" whereby St. Paul's cathedral had been spared in the blitz, he merely remarked that the same miracle had failed, somehow, to save twenty other London churches though it had spared all the music halls and movie houses in town. He is aware that the type of mind predominant in the world is one that prefers theory to evidence, hearsay to examination, and superstition to fact, but he is prepared to announce his minority status and to accept the consequences. For someone who writes for the millions, ithat takes courage. Nowhere in all his dozen volumes is there even a token appeasement of the bogeys that levy their toll of subservience from most popular writers.

In politics he defines himself as a Big Indian. His contempt for the right is exceeded only by his contempt for the left. He has no fondness for people who believe that they have been put on earth for the purpose of telling others how to run their lives.

Along with Chaucer, Swift, Mark Twain, Misther Dooley, Ring Lardner, and H. L. Mencken, he is a cynic. He believes that dishonesty is firmly imbedded in the human character and that men have petty larceny forever in their hearts and lies forever in their mouths. He believes that deceit and mistrust are the essence of human relationships. His years on interviewing the great, those who set styles for the rest of us in apparel, manner, and —to some extent—in thoughts, left him with no faith in idols or idolizers. To him one of the greatest philosophers who ever lived was an unknown Thinker who on a steel pillar in the Fourteenth Street IRT subway station scribbled "Nuts to people" and then faded into the crowd.

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Public Library

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was initiated by the American Library Association in 1951 as part of its seventy-fifth anniversary celebration. From the first year, in which 113 groups were organized, the program has grown to the present 355 groups in 267 communities across the nation.

How large does a town have to be to have such a group? Well, McCoy, Colorado, has a population of eighteen, but some people drive from fifty miles away in order to share their ideas with someone else. About 20 per cent of all American Heritage groups are organized in towns with a population of under 2,500. Whatever the size of the community or the group itself, the aim is to search for the kind of effective critical approach to thinking on contemporary problems that underlies the comment recently made by one happy participant in the Empire State, New York: "Our American Heritage group is the best thing that ever happened to this community."

The wide range of topics under discussion in the program required the use of more than 300 different books and pamphlets this year. People from widely differing backgrounds often find that their interests are not far apart. Groups in Alabama and Connecticut, for instance, made use of selections from Henry Steele Commager's "Living Ideas in America" for discussions on foreign policy; groups in North Carolina, Mississippi, and New Jersey all found that they wanted to "dig down" into basic American philosophy. There is no single pattern in any area, but trained leaders and librarians work with groups to choose effective books and films that can provide a solid basis for discussion on pressing issues.

Controversial issues inevitably engender some heat and there is always the individual who may be shocked by the expression of an unfamiliar or unpopular opinion by another group member. He can always be gently reminded that the project has no single democratic philosophy to promote, but is based only on commitment to the democratic method. Its major premise is the American conviction that a free and full investigation of ideas is the only proper basis for decision and that there are never, in the realm of ideas, final decisions from which there is no appeal.

To Read or Not to Read

BOOK CENSORSHIP in public libraries gets substantial pro and con treatment in the brand-new 16mm discussion film "Freedom to Read." The story is fictional yet familiar. As the library doors close one evening a Mr. Jones is busily scanning the shelves, making a little list. He tells the librarian that he represents a group in the community which holds that some of the library's books contain dangerous ideas which like scarlet fever must be eradicated before they do widespread damage to the morals and politics of the town.

Mrs. Greene, the librarian, presents the view that in our country a free library is for people who are free to read what they choose. She recalls opinions of great men who have seen similar dangers in past times, and have decided in favor of freedom. The words of John Milton, for example, state this case plainly: "Though all the windes of doctrin were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the wors [*sic*] in a free and open encounter."

In the film's well-tempered climax, both arguments are presented for consideration of the library's board members. The audience is asked to stop the film at this point and discuss the issue—in favor of Mr. Jones's fear of immediate dangers, or in favor of Mrs. Greene's faith in democratic freedoms. A one-minute summary of the problem is provided at the end of the film to round out and conclude the audience-participation, for use on television or with individual groups.

"Freedom to Read" was produced for the Columbia University Bicentennial, under a grant for the Fund for the Republic. Julian Roffman directed the film, and Erik Barnouw supervised the production. Prints are available for low-cost rental ($3) and purchase ($50) from the Center for Mass Communication, Columbia University Press, 1125 Amsterdam Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.

—CECILE STARR

Fiction

Continued from page 21

tediously devoid of dialogue, its characters never quicken with the life one feels lurks somewhere within them, and its insights into the human condition often emerge as platitudes. Yet it nevertheless becomes real and moving at times, perhaps because his very lack of "literary" imagination causes the author to adhere precisely to a kind of life which he apparently knows in his very bones.

Despite Mr. Segal's expressed desire to probe the racial tensions peculiar to Johannesburg, his book might be laid as effectively in New York or London, for its chief virtue is its reflection of the dogged spiritual tenacity of the "common man" of our century, as he plods what often seems a purposeless course through life, victim of an uprooting, ill-planned urbanization which has packed humanity together in unbearable physical proximity only to give it the greatest loneliness and insecurity it has ever known. —JEROME STONE.

WOMAN MISSIONARY: Louise A. Stinetorf, author of "White Witch Doctor," has attempted to express in **"Beyond the Hungry Country"** (Lippincott, $3.50) her understanding of the nature of the woman missionary. Her heroine, Laura Woodbury, is the African-born child of American missionaries, who grows up the product of two cultures but belonging to neither. Her unhappiness as a student in America convinces her that she should undergo training as a nurse to return to mission work in Africa. These preliminaries quickly disposed of, Laura proceeds to recount her life as a missionary, bride, mother, and widow. At the last we see her receiving further training in America so that she may return to Africa as an agricultural missionary.

As a carefully-observed, matter-of-fact description of mission work "Beyond the Hungry Country" enlists the reader's admiration for the selfless and arduous labors of all Lauras. But Louise Stinetorf is not content to offer such a chronicle; she is attempting to interpret and explain the very nature of her heroine—"the odyssey of a woman's soul in search of direction," in the words of the book's foreword.

From this point of view the book can hardly be considered an unqualified success. How, for example, are we informed of Laura's decision to become a missionary? A young man's kiss bewilders and distresses the girl; courtship in Africa, in her limited ex-

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perience, is promptly followed by marriage, but this young man is no African; and she at once determines to return to Africa, thinking: "Where [but in Africa] would I have been anything but a misfit?"

Similarly, Laura's own attitude toward her patients and parishioners is curious and wavering. At times she seems prepared to accept them quite uncritically as noble savages possessing a kind of Laurentian wisdom denied to non-Africans; again she will apologize for possible sacrilege in a translation, explaining helpfully: "It is only in this way that I can pass on to you the reactions of a primitive people who have been given but the barest taste of our religion, who know nothing of denominationalism, and even less of the impact our creed has made on your civilization." By her use of the word *your* Laura may here have revealed herself more profoundly than in all her more conscious efforts at self-examination. —MILTON CRANE.

MANHATTAN TYPES: "The city is people, and things, and facts and figures," says Will Oursler, son of the late Fulton Oursler and himself a writer whose reputation up to now has been pretty much confined to the whodunit field. He not only says it in **"N. Y., N. Y."** (Coward-McCann, $3.75); he brings us a long, documentary-type novel to illustrate it. Using the omniscient viewpoint (supported by faithful jottings from his New York notebook), Mr. Oursler attempts to capture the essence of our twenty-four-dollar island through extreme close-ups of thirty or more "representative" New York people.

The cocktail party, the marital bedroom, the scrimmage of a Village apartment, the penthouse office of Rockefeller Center, the cold-water tenement—these provide the keyholes. Playgirls, ne'er-do-well playboys, an immensely powerful magazine publisher and his career-woman wife, a famous trial lawyer and a young lawyer depressed by his wife's money, a Negro social worker, a Jewish investment banker (best realized study in the book), the struggling young married couple, and the frustrated career woman—these are the people. They're all recognizable. At the resolution point every single predicament comes to a neat solution (generally happy), and the reader does not need to wonder what finally happened to everybody. All in all it's ingenious manipulation by a resourceful puppeteer. —JAMES KELLY.

IN AND OUT OF TROUBLE WITH JOSEPHINE: The girl in Rose Franken's newest novel, **"Rendezvous"** (Doubleday $3.50), is a young thing named Josephine, the daughter of French peasants; and in contrast to Miss Franken's beguiling, best-known character, Claudia, this Josephine is definitely a safe type. To give her color, the author takes Josephine to England, then to the United States, and finally to the roulette tables at Monte Carlo, all, unfortunately, without any notable results. The plot is involved with Josephine's concern for her married brother's welfare, her brief but awkward role in the affairs of her tartish German sister-in-law, and an elongated wavering on her part between an almost Victorian ardor for an American tree pruner and her somewhat less than ardor for the would-be apothecary she left behind her. Nevertheless, there is an underlying tenderness in Miss Franken's concern for Josephine and a sentimental, self-sacrificing ending which, if you like that sort of thing, gives you a sense of good old safety and security. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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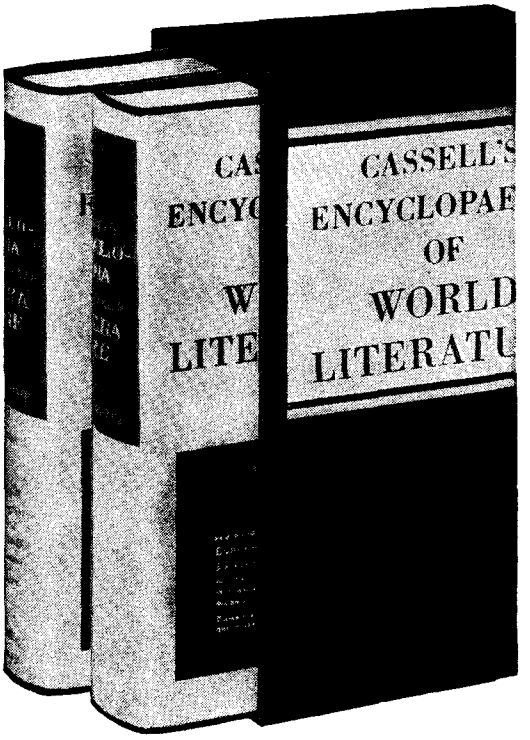

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1057

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Harmonized.

B. English lady who superseded her cousin the Duchess of Marlborough in Queen Anne's confidence (d. 1734).

C. What contemporary slang calls a pinko.

D. With "of Chancery" designating certain houses in London occupied by lawyers.

E. Musical chords of the dominant seventh with an extra interval.

F. Divination by means of finger rings.

G. Leader of the church at Plymouth, 1620 and on (1567-1644).

H. Developed, esp. according to plan.

I. Important gold-mining district in South Africa.

J. Amer. father and two sons, 1787-1917, founders of important institutions for the deaf and dumb.

K. Pennsylvania college and residential town, a center of the Society of Friends.

L. To curse (used in mild imprecatory expressions, rather archaic).

M. Officer in U.S. forces entitled to a personal allowance of $2200 a year over his pay.

WORDS

43 83 11 69 102 6 154

136 91 187 176 123 180

193 16 61 3 8 60 80

101 145 7 41

20 73 44 57 5 94

107 144 33 75 132 127 28 192 17 172

167 178 169

1 173 76 100 184 14 150 116

188 191 30 159 12 49 89

70 22 142 106

112 83 86 42 18 2 72 108 174

48 163 194 54 104 129 179 135 24

31 51 152 81 189 138 64

56 77 168 65 50 182 121

DEFINITIONS

N. Portable timekeeper of great accuracy.

O. Having the air of being able to give full information (comp.).

P. Essential equipment in a popular outdoor game played with rackets (2 wds.).

Q. To exhaust; to last longer than.

R. Aztec name for a vegetable we too use in many ways.

S. Leading English woman pianist (1890- —).

T. Mischievous.

U. Specifying the exhaust edge of a steam valve.

V. Weak, characterless drink (comp.).

W. Shirting, sheeting, tablecloths, etc.

X. Sanction officially.

Y. Largest of the Marquesa Islands, scene of Melville's "Typee" (2 wds.).

Z. Early 19th cent. Amer. clergyman expelled from Presbyterian Church, active in New School theology.

Z1. Amer. inventor (1811-75) sued by Elias Howe for patent infringement.

WORDS

74 103 59 141 23 36 90 13 175 161

151

93 26 115 55 128 35 32 120 113

52 114 88 164 124 95 66 58 140

186 67 37 47 195 79 109

99 158 131 25 130 9

53 39 196 46

190 62 118 148 122 15

19 68 156 97 27 171

183 139 40 157 38 126 4 117 82 96

21 143 84 177 147

110 181 78 92 63 160 71

111 119 34 105 170 166 149 87

45 146 133 98 155 10 125 165

162 134 137 29 153 185

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 G	2 J	3 C		4 V	5 E	6 A	7 D		8 C		9 R
10 Z	11 A	12 H	13 N		14 G	15 T	16 C		17 F	18 J	19 U	20 E	21 W	22 I	23 N	24 K		
25 R	26 O	27 U		28 F		29 Z1	30 H		31 L	32 O	33 F	34 Y		35 O	36 N		37 Q	
38 V	39 S		40 V	41 D	42 J	43 A	44 E	45 Z	46 S		47 Q	48 K	49 H	50 M	51 L		52 P	
53 S	54 K		55 O	56 M	57 E	58 P	59 N	60 C		61 C	62 T	63 X	64 L		65 M	66 P		
67 Q	68 U	69 A	70 I	71 X	72 J	73 E	74 N	75 F	76 G	77 M		78 X	79 Q	80 C	81 L	82 V		
83 J	84 W	85 A		86 J	87 Y	88 P	89 H	90 N	91 B	92 X	93 O	94 E		95 P	96 V	97 U	98 Z	
99 R		100 G	101 D	102 A	103 N		104 K	105 Y	106 I	107 F	108 J	109 Q		110 X	111 Y	112 J	113 O	
114 P		115 O	116 G		117 V		118 T	119 Y	120 O	121 M		122 T	123 B	124 P	125 Z	126 V		
127 F	128 O	129 K	130 R		131 R	132 F		133 Z	134 Z1	135 K	136 B		137 Z1	138 L	139 V	140 P	141 N	
142 I	143 W	144 F	145 D		146 Z	147 W	148 T	149 Y	150 G	151 N	152 L	153 Z1		154 A	155 Z	156 U	157 V	
158 R	159 H	160 X	161 N	162 Z1		163 K	164 P	165 Z		166 Y	167 F		168 M	169 F		170 Y	171 U	
172 F	173 G	174 J		175 N	176 B	177 W		178 F	179 K	180 B	181 X	182 M	183 V	184 G		185 Z1	186 Q	
187 B	188 H		189 L	190 T	191 H	192 F	193 C	194 K	195 Q	196 S								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

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The Composer Tells How

By J. DOUGLAS COOK

YEARS ago George Gershwin told me that, for him, composing was simply a matter of getting melodies out of the air. "I tune in like a radio," he said, "and just pick the music out of the air."

Picking music out of the air seems to be the simplest way of composing, and Gershwin thought so too apparently, though he admitted there was more to it than that, proof of which was a small, well-worn book in his brief case with the prosaic title "Elementary Composition."

And in addition to that, what?

These last few years I have had the opportunity of interviewing some of the foremost composers in the country, expecting not a uniformity of answers, to be sure, but a diversity of opinions which, at the same time, might embody a universal law involving inspiration or hard work or both.

Let the composer speak for himself.

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG: "I am a completely spiritual composer," Schoenberg said at an interview shortly before his death in 1951, "and because of this themes come to me as a message, not consciously but subconsciously. More than that I do not know. You might as well ask Einstein to account for his ideas."

But inspirations such as these do not necessarily eliminate all the hard work that goes into developing them and putting them down on paper, Mr. Schoenberg agreed.

"Sometimes I make many sketches of an idea or theme, sometimes only one, depending on the clarity with which the idea or theme is received. But it's a purely spiritual process."

This process is not dependent on surroundings, the composer explained. "The impressions I receive are completely detached. They simply come to me out of the air. America has not, therefore, been a factor in this creative process, nor any place in Europe."

On the other hand, Mr. Schoenberg admitted having searched for new musical forms to express his ideas and themes. "Although I am a most original composer," he said, "while teaching at the University of California at Los Angeles I demanded of my pupils strict obedience to the laws of the traditional classic composers during their apprenticeship. Having been taught by the old masters myself, I am aware that this background is essential to a composer's musical knowledge."

He pointed out that his own early works were characterized by an abundance of romantic melody. Beginning with the "Pelleas and Melisande" symphonic poem, a rich polyphony within a broadened form emerges, and with it a predominance of contrapuntal middle and *ripieno* parts make their entry. From this point on Mr. Schoenberg follows a course which he described as inevitable—the development of an art that more nearly resembles expressionism than impressionism. He claimed to have found new forms and new contents in his twelve-tone music.

It was pointed out that his music has been described as being as modern as the headlines of the daily newspaper.

"That is true," Schoenberg replied, "but I hope my music will have more permanence." He weighed the subject a moment, then added, "The truly creative mind is infallible."

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER: "I'm a complete believer," the late John Alden Carpenter explained. "Ideas or inspirations come from God, or from a Divine Origin. All good comes from this source. In my own case, 75 per cent of my compositions have been based upon literary compositions."

Given the inspiration, Mr. Carpenter said that two requisites are necessary for the actual production of music: "Cut yourself off from all tradition. Get loose! I'm from New England and I know what a Puritanical influence can do." The other requisite, he explained, is "a regular work schedule."

Continuing to elaborate on the menace of tradition, Mr. Carpenter said: "I'd like to make a prediction. The next big move to come in music will come from this country or from

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—the critics commend...

Paul Affelder in HIGH FIDELITY:

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MAHLER Symphony No. 1 in D Major
William Steinberg conducting The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra **P-8224**

Albert Goldberg · the LOS ANGELES TIMES:

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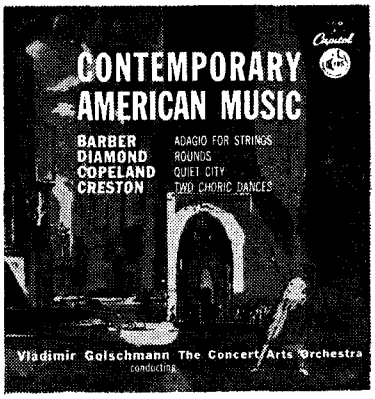
PROKOFIEV Concerto No. 3 in C Major, Opus 26

BARTOK Concerto No. 3
Leonard Pennario, piano, accompanied by the St. Louis Symphony, conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. **P-8253**



Arthur Berger in SATURDAY REVIEW:

"Part of an LP labeled 'Contemporary American Music,' (Copland's *Quiet City*) is notable for stunning virtuosity on the trumpet by Harry Glantz. The mood of this infinitely tender and nostalgic little work is beautifully maintained. The record as a whole favors strings, and for a tour de force in this medium there could scarcely have been a better choice than David Diamond's *Rounds*. It is youthful and exuberant music. Music of Barber and Creston round out this LP.

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN MUSIC
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Milhaud: "A question of pen and ink."

Stravinsky: "I love music; therefore I create."

—*Musical Quarterly.*

Sessions: "Composing is a spiritual thing."

Russia; both are the least shackled by tradition."

DARIUS MILHAUD: Darius Milhaud does not agree. "Composing is a question of paper and a pen full of ink," he said. "Broadly, I should say composing is a matter of inspiration, and the source of inspiration is the fountain pen."

Mr. Milhaud likes teaching at Mills College in Oakland, California, because he likes the beauty and quiet of the country, both features he has found on the campus of the school, but neither beauty nor quietude are essential to him as a composer.

"I can compose anywhere," he explained, "with the radio on or in the midst of a noisy gathering. All I need is two minutes of concentration and I don't hear anything. One reason, I suppose, is that I compose quickly, but never on the spur of the moment—only after I have completely thought through the musical ideas.

"Music," Milhaud continued, "is a sonorous world, a world in which there are no words. The composer, therefore, has a great advantage over the writer in that he does not have to grope for words to give just the right nuance to a thought. With music, the composer expresses completely his moods, sentiments, and whatever he has to say in sound. It's a question of pen and ink."

Nothing more?

Milhaud smiled wryly. "A chef does not give away all his culinary secrets. But I will say that I write music for the pleasure of writing it. I have no theories, esthetic rules, or philosophy about composing. Melody is the secret, and it is a greater essential than technique, which—it goes without saying—should be as perfect as possible."

IGOR STRAVINSKY: Mr. Stravinsky does not believe that creating music is a spiritual process, either.

"I am alive," he said, "therefore I create. My vocation is to create music. I know what I don't want to write; therefore, I start with the negative and achieve the positive—that which I do want."

Pressed for an amplification of this statement, Mr. Stravinsky said: "If we hate something, it follows that we also love something, and to prove our love we must of necessity create something. I love music; therefore I create music. Love is a positive element, and loving something results in the creation of something. This process eliminates the negative and the unwanted and, in turn, produces something positive. In my case, music. In other words, my love for the kind of music I want results in the creation of that kind of music."

Does not creation involve inspiration, something beyond the function of the human mind?

"I am inspired by ideas," Mr. Stravinsky replied. "But there is no way to gauge or measure inspiration. It is not controlled, therefore I cannot be the judge of inspiration. I can only judge of workmanship or that which I have accomplished.

"Let me put it this way. In my book 'Poétique Musicale' I recount an incident that took place between Degas, the painter, and Mallarmé, the poet. Degas said to his friend, 'I have an idea for a sonnet.' Mallarmé replied, 'Sonnets are not made of ideas, but words.'

"Music," Stravinsky explained, "is not made of inspirations, ideas, or spiritual equations, but of notes and a great deal of work."

Unlike Milhaud, Stravinsky requires absolute quiet as a condition for composing his music. His soundproof studio adjoining the drawing room is air conditioned and resembles the studios in radio stations. There is a piano at one end of the room and beside it a large easel-like structure for holding his composition paper, pen, and ink. Stravinsky's finished manuscripts are marvels of beauty and accuracy. There isn't a mistake nor an erasure on them, and some are written on parchment and illuminated. Lines, notes, and characters are drawn with a precision that it would seem only mechanical devices could equal. The composer writes in all instructions—everything, he hopes, which will enable any conductor anywhere to interpret a Stravinsky score exactly as the composer wishes it played.

Mr. Stravinsky scoffs at the idea that his music is for the future. "How can it be?" he asks. "I live in the present. I cannot foresee what the future will bring. I only know what the truth is for me today. That is what I am called upon to serve, and I serve it in all lucidity."

ERNST TOCH: "Composing," Ernst Toch explained, "is self-expression and that is hard and systematic work. I compose to express myself and I achieve this through inspiration combined with skill and knowledge. The style

(*Continued on page* 51)

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"Roméo" and "Turandot"

By PAUL HUME

ONE might easily underestimate the power of Gounod's second most popular opera if the criterion of judgment were the number of American performances "Roméo et Juliette" receives in this country today. It still stands, however, as the opera which, with the single exception of "Aida," has been the opening night vehicle at the Metropolitan more than any other. London's release of this once high-favored opera (LLA-18, $17.85) permits us to reappraise and savor Gounod's genuinely fragrant score. I do not believe it is simply the element of novelty that gives it greater appeal than "Faust": there is a kind of artistic unity about "Roméo" which often gets lost in the three-way shuffling of interest in the noisier piece.

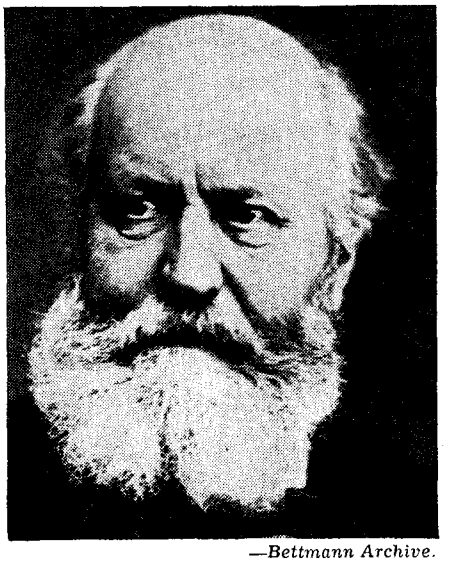
The strongest factor about London's excellent set is its completely French approach (if the use of an Italian conductor may be allowed to intrude into the otherwise wholly Gallic scene). For though Raoul Jobin is Canadian born, and Heinz Rehfuss's name has a Germanic tinge, both men handle French language and style in a way that shows their solid Gallic background.

Jobin is hardly more romantic in sound than in his Metropolitan days, but he is obviously doing less forced singing in Europe than he did in the big house in New York City. In manner he fits the passion of the role easily, and in the duets with Janine Micheau he soars with honest abandon. Remembered as a sound musician with a tendency toward the acidulous, Micheau does her best recorded singing to date in this set. Her "Waltz" has the accuracy and polish it needs, and if the entire Act IV duet is wonderfully sung, nothing in it is lovelier than Micheau's closing "Adieu ma vie." This is the kind of thing Gounod does so well in "Roméo" and which is missing from "Faust." The remainder of the cast is notable for the excellences of Rehfuss as an eloquent Frère Laurent, Pierre Mollet a superb Mercutio, and Charles Cambon a sonorously unpompous Capulet. Claudine Collart's Stephano also has the right flavor.

Alberto Erede, who has been known to let some scores take a leisurely pace, moves "Roméo" as if he loved the change of musical scene and had a special affection for the work. Only occasionally does the chorus, which most of the time has fine balance and spirited singing, mar things with a sagging final chord or a climactic phrase not quite on the beam. Otherwise, this is a notable set, and a prize to which I find I already return for personal pleasure.

PUCCINI'S "Turandot" stands alone among the composer's operas—not solely because it was still unfinished when Puccini died, but because in it the composer went far beyond all the musical concepts and the dramatic implications of his earlier masterpieces. The problems posed by the work have never, for me, offered the least excuse for the lack of appreciation in which it is still rather widely held. That is, the problems of Puccini's not having had opportunity for revision, and of the Alfano ending of the third act.

The problem of production always centers around the title role. It is not correct to imply that the Princess Turandot has more, or higher, notes than the Leonora of "Trovatore," for she has fewer and less high leger lines to achieve. But from the opening of "In questa reggia" to the end of the second act, which is the principal part of her role, Turandot must stay so consistently in the upper regions, and she must do so at first wtih so little help from the orchestra and later over its loudest efforts, that the role demands a tremendous dramatic soprano to whom a high C (the top of the role), regardless of how it is written, is no problem. You may list such singers today very quickly, and Gertrude Grob-Prandl who sings the title role in Remington's new recording (R 199-169, $9.97), is not among them. Germanic diction, lack of any sensuous appeal, and a method of production that forces her to break those great phrases that actually do mount to the high C, all combine to remove any pleasure from Grob-Prandl's work, and I do mean work.



—Bettmann Archive.

Gounod—"genuinely fragrant score."

The lyric contrast, Liù by name, sung by Renata Ongaro, has precisely the right melting sweetness for the part. Her arias have the childlike quality Puccini wanted. Nor does she let fly with the sobbing that has spoiled some of this country's few singers of this part. Wherever Antonio Spruzzola Zola comes from, he is not the man for Calaf. Controlled abandon in the big tenor line is indicated here, but Zola—in addition to a voice that disappears completely from sight above B flat—lacks the slightest hint of style.

Among the most charming and musically vital parts of the opera are the scenes with Ping, Pang, and Pong, the three world-weary Chinese counselors. Especially in their scene at the beginning of Act II, imbued with orchestral color of rare fragrance, a subtle touch from conductor and singers is a requisite. Apparently no one told this to Conductor Capuano or the vocal trio. But by himself Angelo Mercuriali, who sings both Ping and the Emperor, has all the right touches. The engineers failed in letting the Emperor's voice come so near the microphone, for he should sound almost inaudible on his distant throne. Norman Scott, known at the Met, is an excellent Timur.

What, then, of the chorus, which is so superbly handled in Puccini's last work? It sings well, sounds well, and handles its role, which is an active part in the drama, with myriad effect. Considering that this recording is so recent, the sound has a slightly dead quality, noticeable especially in the frequent great gongs, drums, tympani, and other percussion effects.

Remington gives good value for the money, and one can certainly become acquainted with the opera from this recording, which surpasses the sound of the reissued Cetra made from old 78's. But that set had the spirit which is missing here, though Cigna's Turandot is no better than Grob-Prandl's. I hope Angel's promised recording of the opera will better serve to restore to us the magnificent effect and spectacle of the work, in which Rosa Raisa stood supreme among interpreters.

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New Thoughts on Old Music

By PAUL HENRY LANG

As the Brahms, Beethoven, or Tchaikovsky symphonies reach the number of ten or twelve recordings apiece, it becomes more and more evident that the recording companies must turn their attention in increasing measure to other kinds of music. This inevitably leads them into areas the stylistic properties of which are unfamiliar to the musicians involved, and insecure and inaccurate performances often result. In its turn the public is puzzled when listening to diametrically opposed performances of music from the same period. Indeed, the revival of "old music" raises many important problems which sometimes appear to be misunderstood by both scholar and performer, as a colloquy on these pages has only recently indicated [LETTERS TO THE RECORDING EDITOR, *SR* May 15]. Therefore a few words on the subject might not be amiss.

The archeologist and historian are accustomed to the task of reconstructing the past even though at times all they have to go by is a stone axe or a ruined building. The music historian too finds the building, yet even when it is intact—a well-preserved score—he merely finds the "body" of the music which, unlike the concrete material of the stones, is merely a symbol. The history of notation, the graphic fixation of music, is difficult and complicated, for notation has never been, nor can ever be, unequivocal. Once deciphered and presented in our modern script, the music must be reconciled with our present-day "reading" habits. Actually, we must resign ourselves to the fact that all music from the past is fragmentary. It is so not only because of the very considerable changes in notation, changes that call for virtual "translation," or because composers refrained from giving instructions as to the manner of performance, or because this music followed conventions perfectly understood by the contemporaries but largely unknown to us, but because much of this music called for active participation on the part of the performer.

Let us suppose that with the aid of thoroughgoing musicological studies we restore the score, i.e. the "body," of a madrigal or symphony. We still do not know how this body was clothed, for no matter how conscientious the textual and stylistic research, it cannot fully enlighten us on how this music sounded to its first listeners. The perplexing problems of the real life of old music called into existence a specific branch of musicology called "performance practice"; it is rather recent, and the first significant modern essays devoted to it date from 1931 (Schering, Haas, Arnold). These are problems other historians of the arts can hardly understand, for a picture or a statue, if preserved, is alive both actually and historically. Certain aspects of old music, on the other hand, were born—and died—when the music was performed. A musical culture that entrusted the performer not only with the elaboration of his "part," with the manner of sound production, with the determination of tempo and dynamics, with the improvisation and execution of the ornaments, without specifying all these vital details and without even binding him strictly to the written musical text, can be envisaged only as the result of a well developed and cultivated collective musical taste.

How can musical scholarship supply this collective taste now lost? We do not have a hard and fast code for the performance of old music, but by studying contemporary opinions on the practice of music we may reconstruct some of its living features. Gradually we can glean information about the manner of performance, the nature of ensembles, the method of mixing or juxtaposing timbres, about accents, tempi, structural proportions; in brief, the means of expression whereby the music of bygone centuries entered the life of society and commanded attention. There is an immense amount of information available, much of it as yet unevaluated. This consists not only of the theoretical literature of two millennia, but pictorial representations, belles-lettres (an abundant source of pertinent information), and even legal documents, charters, or account books. One of the most important sources which has a direct bearing on the quality and nature of the sound of old music is to be found in the examination of old instruments.

When all is said and done, we come up against the greatest obstacle in the revival of old music (and by "old" I mean any music prior to the nineteenth century): the musical instincts of the man of the twentieth century. No art is so perishable as music. Within a generation or two, a style and a way of music making can and do become completely obsolete and even forgotten. Homer and Dante are still living literature, but music only two hundred years old has to be resuscitated, explained, and methods must be found to communicate it to the public. This cannot be done simply by applying painstaking scholarship to the task. Music so restored must be executed in keeping with the historical facts, but in a manner that will be acceptable to our own musical sensibilities; otherwise we are merely indulging in antiquarianism.

NEEDLESS to say, this calls for delicate compromises which in turn require as much artistry as they do scholarship; neither of these alone is sufficient. It is of no use, for example, to have the figured bass executed if the realization is a perfunctory piece of harmony exercise played on a piano; nor should this take the form of an elaborate "composition" by the editor. We know from a number of documents how this bass used to be set out, and the piano cannot replace the harpsichord, for the *sound* of the latter is an essential ingredient of the style. (A superb example of the combination of true historic insight with exemplary musical taste is to be found in the figured bass realizations that Brahms wrote for Handel's vocal duets.) Another instance is the terracelike dynamics of the Baroque which should not be rendered in rigid black and white, without a trace of crescendo and decrescendo, because to our ears this sounds contrived. Similarly, a ceaseless overlay of ornaments in the keyboard music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while perhaps justified historically, is unacceptable to our sense of melodic design; it must be done with moderation and selectivity.

Let me cite a few particular examples. There are a half dozen recordings of Mozart's Requiem Mass. This is choral music of the first water, still very much imbedded in the polyphonic traditions of the Baroque, with the individual parts living a life of their own, yet at the same time resting on that symphonic foundation without a consideration of which no major work of the classic era, vocal or instrumental, can be understood. Admittedly, we have here a most interesting stylistic merger that calls for

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thought and study. The various conductors who have recorded it all try to convey their own conception of the work, which is as it should be, but unfortunately none of them can fully unfold his conception because each one takes the notes in the score literally and falls victim to an old custom that had lost its *raison d'être* long, long ago.

Back in the old days when church choirs were small (as a rule smaller than the orchestra that accompanied them) it was customary to assign some extra instruments to bolster the choir's volume of sound. This so-called *colla parte* manner ("with the [vocal] part") was still widely used in lesser churches in Mozart's time, hence the ubiquitous trombone parts in the Requiem. Any competent musician who knows something of the history of this genre can tell, almost at a glance, where the trombones are *obbligato* and where they are merely used for stiffening the choir. Yet in all recordings (and in all performances I have heard over the years) the trombones tootle along unceasingly with the voices. This robs the choir of its characteristic and lovely sound and makes the ensemble fuzzy and ponderous.

Thus, whether we listen to De Sabata's theatrical distortion of the score or to Krips's "spiritualized" softness accentuated by the characterless voices of boy sopranos and altos (the Day of Wrath announced by innocent youngsters!), this great and much admired work is never heard in all its beauty because of the conductors' failure to combine musical common sense with a little historical study.

IF the Requiem seems a bit esoteric and out of the way for a modern conductor, let us take a symphony. The so-called "sonata form" is a concept created by the post-classic nineteenth century; the classic composer knew no *form* (i.e. pattern), only a set of principles within which he operated as freely as possible. The classic symphonist builds his sonata not on a "theme" but on a subject, a mere musical *incipit*. The more lapidary and terse this subject the better it is suited for symphonic elaboration. Can there be a more succinct, compressed *incipit* than the four notes that open Beethoven's Fifth Symphony? As a matter of fact, heard by itself such an *incipit* is largely meaningless as compared to the beautiful "big" themes of a romantic symphony; what matters is what happens to this subject. Immediately upon presenting his subject, the classic symphonist plunges into a headlong flight during which the possibilities inherent in the subject are exploited with relentless tenacity and

(*Continued on page 53*)

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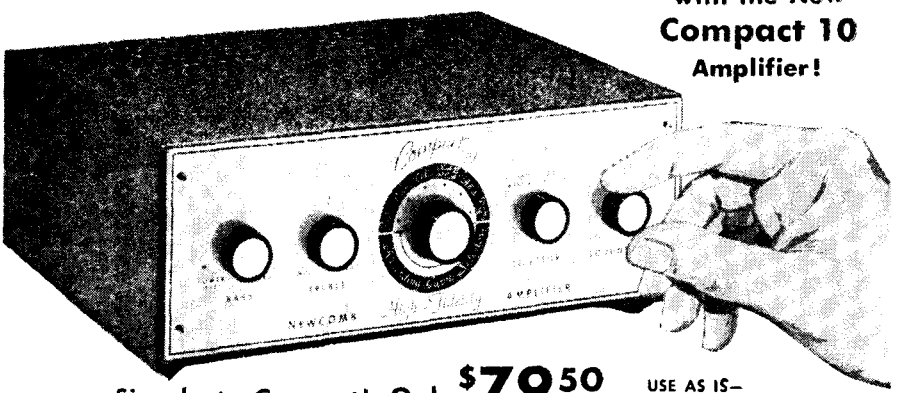

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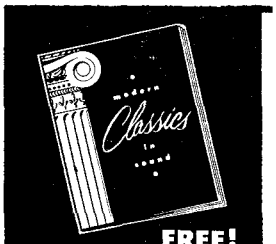

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Recordings in Review

Mendelssohn's "48"

MENDELSSOHN: *"Songs Without Words," Opus 19, 30, 38, 53, 62, 67, 85, and 102. Ginette Doyen, piano.* (Westminster WLS 5192, 5246, and 5279, $5.95 each.)

THIS being, phonographically speaking, the Age of Documentation, it is hardly surprising that Westminster has given Mme. Doyen *cachet* to record all the Mendelssohn "Songs Without Words," every blessed one of the forty-eight of them (also some that are not so blessed). Who, other than a student, would want to sit down and listen to nine or ten in a sequence, I cannot begin to imagine. That is, other than a reviewer engaged in evaluating them.

What one discovers soon enough is that when one confronts a well-known one unexpectedly during a sequence, it is more than merely sighting a familiar face in a crowd. It confirms one in the belief that these pieces have been rather thoroughly combed over by twelve decades of virtuosi, the preferable ones among them not neglected. Thus, after listening to eight or nine in order on disc No. 2 and coming upon the G major of Opus 62 (No. 1), it is easy to recognize why it has been singled out for attention under the title of "May Breeze."

Mme. Doyen has much of the finesse and moderation to make a successful Mendelssohn player, the kind of clinging sound that is wanted, and a welcome aversion to effect for effects' sake. The unsigned annotations are suitable as far as they go, but they deprive us of some desirable documentation, including the years in which the eight volumes of six works appeared. Suitable sound, meaning that it is live without being too massive for the material.

The Scope of Von Karajan

DEBUSSY: *"La Mer." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra;* RAVEL: *"Rapsodie Espagnole." The same.* (Angel 35081, $5.95.)

SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 4; "Tapiola." As above.* (Angel 35082, $5.95.)

SOONER or later, Herbert von Karajan will come to America as director of one of our major symphony orchestras, whereupon will follow the general discovery that he is one of the major *chefs d'orchestre* of the day. If that discovery must wait upon the enterprise and initiative of orchestral managements, there is no reason why the mere phonophile should deny himself the available pleasures in the meantime.

These two discs are among the most remarkable so far offered to us by Angel, whose offerings to date show a more than cursory attention to the talents, among many others, of Von Karajan and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. Among these, Von Karajan's performances have been spectacular rather than consistent, and the ones noted above conform to precedent by being consistently spectacular.

Nothing in Von Karajan's previous catalogue suggests a profound sympathy for Sibelius, but the symphony in question has rarely been better played, or with a larger sense of design or a more assured sense of orchestral contrast. Whether his fundamental sympathy is with the musical essence or its technical exposition is hard to say, but the totality is dynamic, concise, and powerfully integrated. The same is true of "Tapiola." In each the acuteness of sound is well ahead of most things previously accomplished by Angel.

In the works of Debussy and Ravel the question of emphasis is easier to isolate. These are wholly virtuoso expositions of orchestral control, carefully charted to elicit explicit reactions from the listening faculties. They prove beyond doubt that Von Karajan knows what he is up to, even when what he is up to is not quite what Debussy and Ravel sought to convey. Superb sound.

Rossini Redivivus

ROSSINI: *"William Tell" and "Semiramide" Overtures. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony.* (RCA Victor LRM 7054, $2.99.)

IF THERE is anything that will take the "Hi-Yo" silver out of this music and restore its original golden glow, this is it. "It" is a performance

Debussy on Tape

DEBUSSY: *Quartet in G minor;* HAYDN: *Andante, Allegretto from D minor Quartet (Opus 76, No. 2). Fine Arts Quartet.* LISZT: *"Mephisto Waltz";* RAVEL: *"Alborada del Gracioso";* GRANADOS: *"Lady and the Nightingale." Robert McDowell, piano.* (Webcor Tape 2923-1, $12.)

NEITHER stout Cortez nor brave Balboa, or both, surveying the Pacific for the first time, could have felt more adventurous than this listener in engaging the mysteries of pre-recorded tape. How difficult or simple is the operation? Well, I managed to unpack the mechanism, instal the tape, and channel it into a regular audio set-up merely by reading the instruction book, and I am limited, otherwise, to the kind of electrical science required for changing a fuse.

What I heard was a practically first-class performance of the Debussy Quartet by the Fine Arts players, gratefully absent of anything like surface sound, but embodying instead a rather noticeable clacking of the spinning reels, with a substantial realism at much lower levels than anything from a disc, and a brilliant fullness in climaxes without any suggestion of overloading. On the other hand, intonation was not 100 per cent dependable, especially when Debussy's writing was sustained and chromatic. This I attribute to some passing *malaise* subject to easy correction. Certainly it is well ahead of the LP process at a similar state of unfamiliarity.

However, if Webcor is to make some lasting impression on the music minded it will have to work out some better scheme in repertory than it now espouses. As projected, the tape is divided into two tracks, setting up considerations akin to the A and B faces of a disc. On this one, it is all string quartet going out, all piano coming back. My guess is that a sounder procedure would be to have the quartet both coming and going, two movements each way. Thus, the customer would be buying Debussy and nothing but Debussy, rather than the miscellany here afforded. As it stands, the total music is well under two LP's, at a dollar more in cost.

McDowell's piano playing is altogether competent, though lacking the personal traits that make for artistic distinction.

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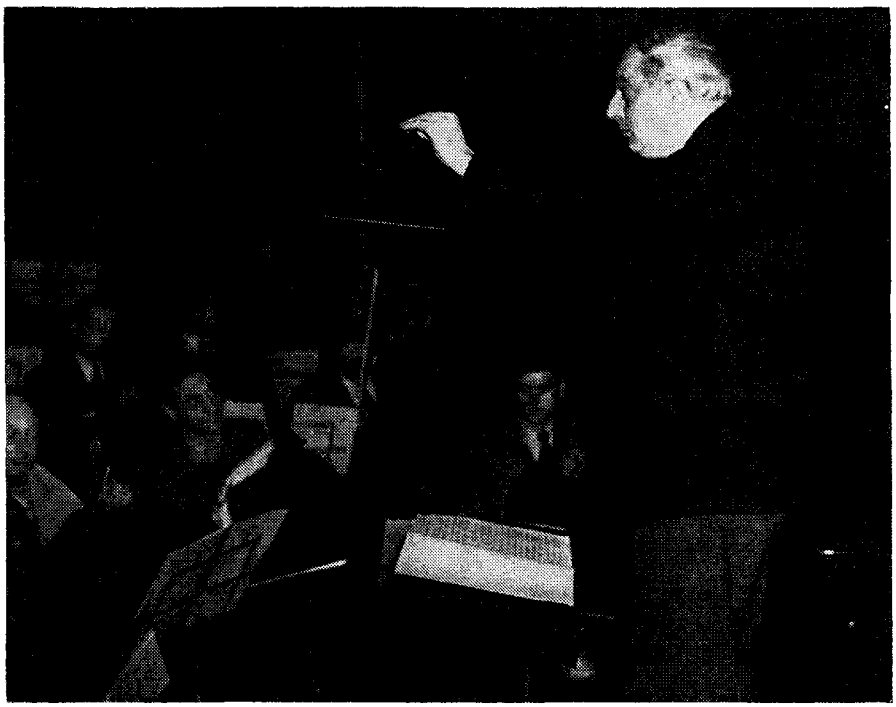
dating from January 1953, recorded in Carnegie Hall, with the best of RCA Victor's techniques as of then, and triumphantly carrying the listener from pastoral to storm to hunting scene with a rhythmic ferocity in the finale that drums its way not merely into the ears but into the bones. As in the instance of the "New World" Symphony noted here recently [*SR*, April 24], the tight discipline and singularly emphatic way of playing which the NBC Symphony demonstrated in its collaborations with Toscanini create an amazing aura of actuality. Add to this a beautifully balanced sound, and you have a record to cherish.

I cannot say as much for the "Semiramide," which, though remarkably executed, lunges a little too much into salient phrases to satisfy the graces of the music, and rather overpowers some of its strokes of fantasy. Earlier recording by a couple of years, and not as good as now possible.



Clemens Krauss "dispensing the true gospel" in Vienna.

More "Carmina" by Orff

ORFF: *"Catulli Carmina." Heinrich Hollreiser conducting the Wiener Kammerchor, various instrumentalists, with Elisabeth Roon, soprano, and Hans Löffler, tenor.* (Vox PL 8640, $5.95.)

THIS is the third work of Orff I have heard (the others were the previously recorded "Carmina Burana" and the live "Antigone" in Munich last summer). I cite the current one as disappointing if only because it restates so many of the rhythmic and coloristic ingenuities of the others without substantial variation. Thus what had seemed to suggest an Orff style tends to amount, rather, to mannerisms worked over and repeated.

Nevertheless, if enthusiasm is in abeyance, respect remains constant. Everett Helm's comprehensive annotation informs us that "Catulli Carmina" (the name derives from the setting of texts of the Roman poet Catullus) was first written in 1930, wholly rewritten in 1943. In its present form it stands between "Carmina Burana" of 1936 and the "Triumph of Aphrodite" (1953) as the middle piece of his "Trittico." It embodies a vast command of rhythmic detail and choral artifices, sudden sallies of solo voices and contrasts of percussion.

One aspect of this recording suggests that Orff may be the man to convert Latin from a dead language to a living one. That is the blank spaces in the translation of the original text, omitted—so the explanation reads—"For obvious reasons." The "obvious reasons," if one can decipher a word here and there of the Latin, is that the adoration of the poet's love is a little more fleshly than the postal laws permit. However, the musical expression is sufficiently cerebral not to inflame anyone's libido.

Objectively considered, the performance is impressively emphatic, distinct, and well-organized. Conductor Hollreiser appears to be completely in command of this problem, and his personnel thoroughly responsive. If there is more in the score than he conveys, what he does convey can well be absorbed as a precedent to anything further. The reproduction is beautifully distinct and consistently well-balanced.

The Strausses' Krauss

RICHARD STRAUSS: *"Aus Italien." Clemens Krauss conducting the Vienna Philharmonic.* (London LL 969, $5.95.)

JOHANN STRAUSS: *"Bei uns z'Haus," etc. The same.* (London LL 970, $5.95.)

THE sudden death of Clemens Krauss (during May, while serving as guest conductor in Mexico City) wrote an abrupt finis to a career which seemed to be still on its upward rise. The recent notable series of recordings which covered virtually the whole orchestral literature of Richard Strauss gave him a unique status as an interpreter of that composer's works, and he seemed primed to go on dispensing the true gospel for years to come.

In the instance of "Aus Italien," which has not had a properly qualified recording before to my knowledge, the preachment is even more impressive than the practice. The work of the twenty-two-year-old Strauss, though full of good ideas, is also full of repetitive impulses. However, Krauss can make Strauss sound—and what sound!—especially when he gets a proper assist from the composer in the riotous finale based on Denza's "Funiculi-Fanicula." The richness and brilliance of the reproduction make one impatient to hear the "Salome" with Christl Goltz which Krauss made last winter (regretfully, it proves to be his Straussian testament).

Much as he will be missed as an interpreter of the man he knew so well personally, Krauss will be as much missed as an interpreter of the Strausses (Johann, Jr. and Sr., Josef, etc.) whom he knew only from tradition and by instinct. In the present Third New Year's Concert he begins, appropriately enough, with the classic of classics, the "Beautiful Blue Danube," progressing with the same composer's "Bei uns z'Haus" and "Annen Polka" to his father's "Radetzky March" by way of Josef Strauss's "Auf Ferienreisen," "Sphärenklänge," and "Plappermäulchen." There have been more spirited "Blue Danubes," but the "Sphärenklänge" is superbly delivered and particularly well reproduced.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Violin Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler. RCA Victor LHMV 1061, $5.95.	A new collaboration by these performers, and perhaps a shade more animated than the previous one, but still too measured and grandiose in attitude for my taste. Menuhin, however, is in top violinistic form, and Furtwängler does his work with majestic poise. Excellent sound. Menuhin plays the Kreisler cadenza.
Brahms: Violin Concerto. Julian Olevsky, violin, with Howard Mitchell conducting the National Symphony. Westminster WL 5273, $5.95.	Olevsky's record debut acquaints us with an instrumentalist of fluency and taste, with a fine but rather small tone. The effect of his effort is rather offset by Mitchell's disposition to sluggish tempi in movements 1 and 2. Westminster's recording standard is not upheld here, with a rather soggy bass amid generally unresonant conditions.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4. Leonard Bernstein conducting the Stadium Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 9717, $5.85.	A new Brahms Fourth is hardly what the market needs, and Bernstein's painstaking but rather disjointed performance does not provide contrary persuasion. More mellowness in the feeling, more breadth in the statement than he provides are prerequisites for successful recording of such a work. The sound (Carnegie Hall) is voluminous, but not rich enough in texture.
Britten: "Simple Symphony." M-G-M String Orchestra, Izler Solomon conducting. M-G-M E 3074, $4.85.	Britten's engaging piece, written when he was twenty, provides congenial material for Solomon to work with, and it is performed with spirit by the men at his disposal. With it is John Ireland's "Concertino Pastorale," a more fanciful walk-in-the-garden piece, beautifully set for strings. Both are reproduced fully and clearly, though the mike is a little close.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 4. Cincinnati Symphony, Thor Johnson conducting. Remington R 199-168, $2.99.	At the price, this is a sound performance, better than acceptably reproduced. By more exacting standards, it does substantially less for the music than the versions of Walter, Szell, or Kubelik.
Khachaturian: "Masquerade" Suite. Richard Blareau conducting the Orchestra of the Concerts du Conservatoire. London LD 9100, $2.95.	Every company must have a "program," of course, but must it include another flogging of this dead warhorse? Blareau's refinement adds a dimension to the performance, but the values in the work resist more than superficial amenities. Excellent sound, for those to whom that is important.
Lalo: "Roi d'Ys" Overture, "Namouna" (Suite No. 1), and "Norwegian Rhapsody." Jean Fournet with the Lamoureux Orchestra. Epic LC 3049, $5.95.	A vigorous performance of the "Norwegian Rhapsody" is the particular virtue of this disc, a rather routine one of the "Roi d'Ys" Overture its cardinal deficiency. On the whole, the repertory is fairly represented, in recording of brightness and clang.
Liszt: "Orpheus," "Mazeppa," "Battle of the Huns," and "Les Préludes." Dean Dixon conducting. Westminster WL 5269, $5.95.	Dixon demonstrates a rather sensational affinity for the romanticism of Liszt in this generous dispensation, especially in the "Battle of the Huns" and "Mazeppa." The orchestra described as the Philharmonic Symphony of London is largely the Royal Philharmonic, and it responds alertly to Dixon's energetic direction. Powerful, well-centered sound.
Mozart: Concerti Nos. 23 and 24 (in A, K.488, and C minor, K.491). Clifford Curzon, piano, with Josef Krips conducting the London Symphony. London LL 918, $5.95.	Curzon's inclination to self-effacement works to a disadvantage here, since Krips does not provide the force of personality to give the performances drive and an affirmative spirit. All the impulses are good, and musicianship abounds, but it all tends to be sedate rather than reposeful, and acquiescent rather than inquisitive. Excellent recording in each.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2. Geza Anda, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera. Angel 35093, $5.95.	This is musicianly, warm-hearted performance, with Anda confirmed as a pianist of style and purpose. What is wanting is the big power for the climaxes, which, after all, few interpreters since Rachmaninoff have mustered. Fine rounded sound, especially of the piano. As bonus, Anda provides well-fingered versions of two Rachmaninoff Preludes—the lyric G major faring somewhat better than the pulsating G minor.
Schubert: Symphonies Nos. 4 and 5. Dean Dixon conducting. Westminster WL 5274, $5.95.	Westminster makes this a Dixon month with his more than creditable presentation of these works along with the Liszt noted above. However, between "creditable" and "distinguished" there is a sizable chasm, not filled by Dixon's somewhat halting organization of effects in the faster movements. No. 5, for example, is well below the Beecham level. The recording is good, but not quite as successful as in the Liszt.
Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Rosenkavalier" Waltzes. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia AL 46, $2.85.	The attraction here is the super-de-luxe, underslung, overdrive performance of the "Rosenkavalier" Waltzes, in which the individual virtuosi of the virtuoso orchestra outdo themselves in doing Ormandy's bidding. Sometimes it is more in a "Kiss Me Again" spirit than it is in the Viennese, but the end product is decidedly jolly. Excellent sound in this and also in "Till," which is well and efficiently played, but without any special savor.
Tchaikovsky: "Capriccio Italien." Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 4856, $5.95.	By comparison with the foregoing this is a rather glaring instance of playing to the microphone, for purposes of inflaming the hi-fi temperature. Strings are overprojected, the orchestra as a whole too brilliantly "voiced" for best service to the music. Accompanying elements are a like-minded performance of Rimsky's "Capriccio Espagnol," a grotesquely swelled "Flight of the Bumble Bee," and a lightfooted "Dance of the Tumblers" ("Snegourotchka").
Tchaikovsky: "Capriccio Italien"; Liszt: "Les Préludes." Alceo Galliera conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35047, $5.95.	Galliera's direction is nonsensational but musically proportioned; and there is potent attraction in the agile, propulsive playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra, which need not be shamed by any other contemporary group. However, "Les Préludes" lacks the subtle distinctions of Monteux's; and Beecham's "Capriccio Italien," if not so rich in sound, is richer in spirit. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Composer Tells How

Continued from page 43

in which the composer expresses himself is not important; how well it is conveyed *is* important.

He mentioned George Gershwin whom he admired as "an original American composer." "Years ago," he explained, "I encouraged Mr. Gershwin to keep to his own idiom. Gershwin wanted to write what he called 'serious music.' But this would have been foreign to his genius and experience. In consequence, Gershwin became one of the most original American composers. His musical idiom was unique, and by remaining true to it he expressed himself with the utmost clarity and completeness.

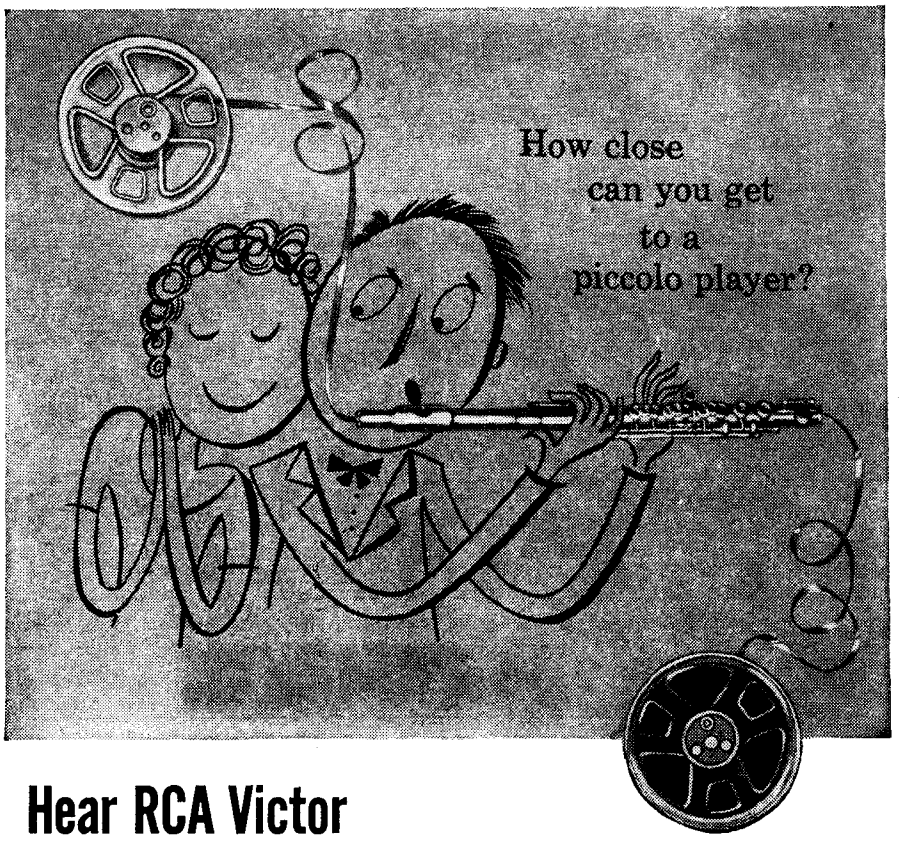
"The kind of music a man writes," Toch said, "is the result of his own personality. A composer's musical idiom is not superimposed over his studies, his personality, or his ability. It is the result of the composer's innate musical sense, his personality; and if the idiom is modern, it should be because the composer is modern."

ROGER SESSIONS: "Composing is a spiritual thing," Mr. Sessions says unequivocally.

In "The Commonwealth of Art," he points out, Curt Sachs discusses technique versus inspiration and concludes that composition is 2 per cent inspiration and 98 per cent technique. "My own idea is that music is not abstract and that technique is actually the power of articulate speech. Technique," Sessions explains, "is not something one learns in school; except for basic or rudimentary technique, it is something personal—imagination. But one can't have imagination until one has a medium by which it can be expressed. In other words, I can't compose a single measure until I know what I want to write; but once an idea is with me, it is with me all the time."

Speaking of his Second Symphony, Mr. Sessions explained that "the music took the shape which it had to take. I strove, as always, simply to be the obedient and willing servant of my musical ideas.

"Musical ideas have infinitely more substance, reality, and meaning—a more vital connection with experience—than words can be found to describe them. Is not the essence of experience spiritual? I have been criticized for 'being dominated' by ideas rather than dominating them while composing. But is this not also the logical consequence of a spiritual process?"



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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas Nos. 5 and 6. Joseph Szigeti, violin, and M. Horszowski, piano. Columbia ML 4870, $5.95.	Attention gravitates naturally to the popular "Spring" (No. 5), but it is the less familiar A major which profits from Szigeti's stylistic sense and the superior teamwork with Horszowski. Both are clearly recorded, though the close-up microphoning is not kind to the violin sound.
Beethoven: Sonata No. 9 ("Kreutzer"); also works of Ysaye and Leclair. David Oistrakh, violin, with Lev Oborin, piano. Vanguard VRS 6024, $5.95.	More Paris-recorded performances by Oistrakh senior, and probably the best version of the "Kreutzer" since the famed Hubermann-Friedman. Oistrakh's power and incisiveness are very much to the point of this work, as is the piano playing of Oborin. They are also appropriate to the solo sonata of Ysaye (Opus 27, No. 3) but less so to the lighter Leclair Sonata in D, although some of the detail is enchanting. (The pianist here is Vladimir Yampolsky.) Fine sound.
Brahms: Sonata in D minor; Beethoven: Sonata No. 5. Christian Ferras, violin, and Pierre Barbizet, piano. Telefunken LGX 66014, $5.95.	A singularly excellent performance of the Brahms, with a special credit for the piano playing of Barbizet. The overside Beethoven "Spring" does not come off as well, due to a rather strenuous attack and overaccentuated dynamics. The recording is more notable for transparency than sheen.
Brahms: Variations on a Theme of Handel; Variations on a Theme of Paganini. Abbey Simon, piano. Epic LC 3050, $5.95.	Occasional moments of sensitivity are not frequent enough to relieve a prevailingly machine-made approach to these works. Simon has ample fluency, but the results are mostly on the surface. Clangy piano sound.
Britten: "Ceremony of Carols." Copenhagen Boys Choir, the composer conducting. London LD 9102, $2.95.	Beautiful execution by the exceptional ensemble trained by Mogens Wöldike. Presumably they give Britten just what he wants in this music, which is reproduced with remarkable clarity and distinctness.
Dvorak: Quintet in A. Clifford Curzon, piano, with Budapest String Quartet. Columbia ML 4825, $5.95.	Another in the series of collaborations across company lines, carried out with finesse and musicianship. However, I do not hear any special sympathy for the music in this performance, nor any evidence of compelling ensemble feeling. Finely balanced sound, a little lost in the overresonant surroundings.
Gluck: "Orfeo." Kathleen Ferrier, Ann Ayars, etc. Fritz Stiedry conducting. London LL 924, $5.95.	At the insistence of the Ferrier fans, London has made available much of the vocal portions of its set of 1946 or so. For Ferrier, it speaks more of promise than realization, though the sound of the voice is often superb. The original afflictions of unsteady leadership by Stiedry and insufficient orchestral sound are still present, though the processing is otherwise good.
Leoncavallo: "Prologo" from "Pagliacci," other operatic excerpts. Igor Gorin, baritone, with orchestra conducted by Donald Voorhees. Allied LP 3003, $4.85.	Gorin still has a voice of ring and warmth, but these performances are surrounded by too many of the circumstances of radio broadcast—smallish orchestra, no real leadership by the conductor, and overprominence of the solo voice—to be considered, properly, as recordings. The list includes "Eri tu" and "Di Provenza," "Largo al factotum," "Vision fugitive," and "O du mein holder Abendstern." Deadish studio sound.
Monteverdi: Ritornello ("Orfeo"), Sinfonia ("Questi Vaghi"), etc. Music Hall Brass Ensemble. Monogram 817, $3.85.	Reasonably interesting material proficiently performed by a group of players (two trumpets, French horn, trombone, and bass trombone) identified as the Music Hall Brass Ensemble. A little more concern for tonal quality and blend would have been welcome. The recording is good.
Mozart: Divertimento No. 17 in D, K.334. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet, two French horns, bass. Westminster WL 5276, $5.95.	Fine-sounding service to this music, but deficient in animation and pulse. This adheres to one tradition in restricting the parts to seven, which is acceptable enough. However, real leadership is lacking, with a resultant lack of interest in the performance.
Mozart: Serenade No. 10 in B flat (K.361) Wind Ensemble of the RIAS Orchestra. Telefunken LGX 66006, $5.95.	The Berlin view of this music, as we have previously had it from Los Angeles, Boston, and Vienna (twice). These players are devoted to clarity and precision rather more than to warmth of tone or breadth of expression, and they attain their ends with impressive unanimity. However, I am more partial to the Vienna Philharmonic players on Westminster WL 5229. Beautiful recording here, though the sound "hangs" a trifle in the large-sounding studio.
Ravel: "Tzigane," "Habanera"; Bartók: "Rumanian Dances"; Debussy: Sonata No. 3. Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Boston B 203, $5.95.	Grumiaux is a violinist of ideas and spirit, though his striving for virtuoso effects in the Ravel pieces has unpleasant consequences to his intonation. The Bartók "Rumanian Dances" (six) fare better, and the Debussy Sonata best of all, thanks in considerable part to the imaginative, well-controlled piano playing of Ulanowsky. Excellent recording, save in the Ravel where it strives to be more "realistic" than realism itself.
Schumann: "Etudes Symphoniques." Julius Katchen, piano. London LL 823, $5.95.	The promise which Katchen demonstrated in the one memorable recording of the Brahms F minor Sonata is not fulfilled either in this work or the overside "Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue." His preoccupation with pianistic values doesn't convey sufficient mastery in this sphere to atone for rather insufficient musical purpose. Excellent piano sound.
Tchaikovsky: Quartet in E flat minor. Richard Burgin, leader. Boston Records B-206, $5.95.	Melodious this work certainly is, but with little real sense of how interest is sustained or materials manipulated in chamber music writing. The individual players are all capable (like Burgin, Messrs. Panasevich, De Pasquale, and Mayes are all members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra), but they lack the balance, refinement, and intonational finesse of a first-class quartet. Good recording. —I. K.

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New Thoughts

Continued from page 47

thematic logic, to the exclusion of any extraneous substance. And this procedural logic does not admit more than minute changes in the tempo; articulation is done by phrasing, dynamics, and by the *structural* use of the orchestra, not by changing the tempo.

Most of our conductors, under the influence of the romantic symphony, with its manifold melodic content calling for tempo changes, are rather helpless in the face of classic symphonic principles, and unless they apprehend the spirit of the initial musical statement and then rivet their attention to its melodic, rhythmic, and polyphonic deployment—and not to orchestral coloring—they miss the point. At times they do, at others they don't. This is the case with Sir Thomas Beecham, who has some singularly excellent recordings side by side with some pretty bungled ones. Some of the most eminent Austrian and German conductors, whom one would suppose to be closer to this music than others, are the worst offenders, especially the ones that try to "spiritualize" the music. Among the other great conductors the late Serge Koussevitzky was constitutionally unable to comprehend the spirit of eighteenth-century music, as witness the elephantine grace of his recordings of Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" or any Haydn symphony. Dimitri Mitropoulos, too, who can do wonders with contemporary music, gives nothing but perfunctory readings in this field. On the other hand, Weingartner had a close affinity with this style, and I recall some Haydn symphonies recorded by Stiedry, or a Mozart G minor by Toscanini, that are well-nigh unsurpassable. It is a pity that towards the end of his career Toscanini's violent tempos have ruined his marvelous interpretations of the music of this era, even though he has demonstrated that he knows exactly what to do with the eighteenth-century orchestra.

Finally, let us take up the question of harpsichord versus piano, a question that seems to exercise a good many people.

The two instruments are vastly different even though kindred in appearance. The harpsichord relies on clear articulation, sharp dynamic differentiation, has a crystal-clear but relatively low-volume tone, while the piano, partial to harmonic color, is capable of the finest graduated nuances and can rise to a thunderous volume of sound. Except for some instances where two keyboards are absolutely neces-

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sary, all harpsichord music is readily playable on the piano, and we might go so far as to say that, on the whole, most of the solo repertory for harpsichord is entirely proper for the piano—if certain conditions are observed. The most important of these conditions is that the pianist should not attempt to imitate the harpsichord. He should play the piano as a piano, though not, obviously, pedaling in the harmonic clouds of the nineteenth century, and he should bear in mind that when he is playing Couperin or Scarlatti he is not dealing with musical bonbons but with virtuoso keyboard music which can hold its own against all the brilliance of the "century of the piano" but still demands a clarity of exposition somewhat foreign to the modern piano. Personally, I shall always prefer Kirkpatrick's or Valenti's rendition of such works on the harpsichord, but one can get high artistic satisfaction from a performance on the piano if the performer is able to translate the spirit of this music into pianistic terms. He must admit modern pianistic elements and reconcile them with the nature of the music.

When we come to music that is more exclusively linear in nature than either Couperin or Scarlatti, the difficulties are more pronounced. The harpsichord, with its crisp and clean-cut tone, its two keyboards, stops, and couplers, is far better equipped to preserve the linear element in such music than the piano. The "Well-tempered Clavier" or the "Clavierübung," to mention two instances, when played by Landowska or Kirkpatrick—or by any other able harpsichordist—display the intertwining convolutions of the polyphonic fabric, which is their chief beauty, with a clarity and logic that cannot be matched by the piano. Now, lest we forget, the piano is a polyphonic instrument too, but one that came into existence after the polyphonic era and in response to the changed style that called for other characteristics. A distinguished and understanding artist, such as Rosalyn Tureck, can do miracles with this music on the piano, and what is done is entirely legitimate from the artistic point of view, but it cannot equal the satisfaction we derive when the music is played on the instrument for which it was conceived.

In summary, editors and performers must strike a judicious balance between past and present usage. All this requires taste and historical perspective, and it is hoped that the record industry and its musicians will weigh these important considerations and will see to it that their recordings of old music attain the excellence we are accustomed to in the performance of the standard repertory.

WORLD OF TAPE

Music by the Mile

WHEN the magnetic tape recorder came into popular use some years ago, the production of tape records was a natural outgrowth. Long anticipated by the public and the industry, the many attempts to mass produce prerecorded tapes have finally met with true success in the past few months.

The duplicating processes for tape bear no resemblance to those by which disc records are made, which are produced like plastic waffles in double molds under specific heat and pressure. A tape record must be produced by running the complete length of the tape over the recording head, and for a long time a lack of duplicating speed made tape records too expensive. When new techniques were evolved, the rapid speed of the tape across the master duplicating head caused some distortion and loss of quality.

When the problems of stability were corrected by better design in duplicating equipment, the drawbacks of increased master tape speed were partially resolved through new magnetic duplicating head design. With one exception, these were all adaptations, as far as I know, of the conventional coil unit. The exception is the electronic playback head developed by Dr. A. Melvin Skellett, famous research specialist. This device looks like a miniature glass vacuum tube. Its effectiveness is not related to the speed at which the tape runs over its surface and it is far more sensitive than the conventional magnetic reproducing head. In fact, without its metal shielding it is sensitive to the earth's magnetic fields. As a result, tapes can be recorded at a much lower dynamic level, making possible a simplification of electronic equalization design in the machine. Even a mediocre tape would be vastly improved by the electronic playback head, since it eliminates the noise that is introduced by the present head system.

As the tape is drawn over the wire coil head now in use, the faint magnetic impulses must actually do work in creating a voltage within the coil. If the master tape travels too fast over the head it does not have sufficient time to produce the necessary voltages. In the new electron-beam head, the faint tape impulses must only attract or repel a weightless beam of electrons within the glass tube. Even at the fastest tape reproducing speed there is plenty of time for this function. The beam responds instantaneously with no decay of fidelity, giving rise to a much wider tone response range. Its use will reduce the stringent quality requirements and excessive cost of the present virgin tape and of recording and reproducing machines, and may be expected as the next major change in magnetic recording equipment. It will have a significant effect on the prerecorded tape field.

Coinciding with the marketing of prerecorded tapes have been the announcements of several manufacturers of proposed non-recording tape players. The Ampex 450, which has been on the market for some time, is one I would recommend without reservation as a fine machine for continuous playback duty. Now that technically excellent tape records have been issued, it will not be long before there are many good tape players on the market, and I will report on these as they are sent to me for laboratory test and evaluation.

Recent releases of prerecorded tapes by Webcor, RCA Victor, Minnesota Mining, and Audiosphere indicate that this medium has "arrived." I do not presume to present an esthetic evaluation of the performances, but will concentrate on scientific criticism, since it has been the technical difficulties which have heretofore hindered the manufacturers. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *See page* 48.]

Webcor has taken a most unusual departure from its norm of highly commercial output. Their first six tapes feature the Fine Arts Quartet. In addition to many of the best chamber music selections, Webcor has included some in a lighter vein by the Leonard Sorkin Strings, the John Halloran Choir, and Robert McDowell, pianist.

Until I ran the Fine Arts tapes I felt, as many do, that string quartets were for someone else. It looked as though Webcor was making a bid for prestige at an inopportune time. But after playing through about four hours of music, the reasons for this choice became evident. There was enjoyment and sales appeal in every inch of tape. Before putting them through tests, I could not resist running them through again, and I finally completed the audio and tape tests in the leisurely hours after midnight. The tests proved that the quality of the tape itself was excellent. Moss

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Industries did an exceptional job for Webcor in the duplicating process. There is low distortion and very little background tape noise (compared to needle scratch on discs). Leonard Sorkin, the member of the quartet who chose the selections, the recording staff, Webcor, and Moss were obviously dedicated to combining the best in musical and tape arts in these recordings.

RCA Victor has released a series of seventeen tape records made from the tape masters of Red Seal records. They are also excellent technically, although they present a less unusual selection than Webcor's issues. The two sent me for review were Brahms's First Symphony, with Toscanini conducting the NBC Orchestra, and "Victory at Sea" by Richard Rodgers, Robert Russell Bennett conducting. There was a somewhat different recording emphasis, and the overall dynamic volume range was reduced in order to bring through the "highs" in both tapes. The tapes did not have the "mealy" middle groove sounds of records which are caused by groove tracking problems. The basic tape used for the production of these records was as good as the Webcor tape. The RCA duplication matched that of the Webcor and Audiosphere processes. On the whole, I enjoyed these RCA tapes much more than I had the discs of the same works.

I received the new Audiosphere release #703/7.5, which includes Mussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," Borodin's "Polovtsian Dances," and Sibelius's "Valse Triste," played by the May Festival Orchestra, of Florence, under Vittorio Gui. This particular tape had the widest dynamic recording level of all, with virtually no distortion and a very low noise level, which was discernible at times but never distracting. Noise level was certainly lower than that on most disc records. It is a fine recording in every respect.

The specially clipped and prepared review copy of Minnesota Mining's tape record of the score from Disney's "Living Desert" was a disappointment. The music was preceded by a pep talk from someone who obviously realized the need for persuading me that I was about to hear a good recording. The tape was noisy, distorted, and otherwise unplayable. I erased the material on the tape to check the basic tape itself and found it to be of the usual fine 3M quality.

These reviews were conducted with the aid of the remarkable Ampex 600, a twenty-five pound portable tape recorder, and with Hewlitt-Packard and Hazeltine test equipment.

—Robert Oakes Jordan.

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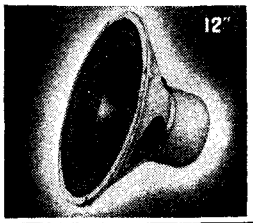

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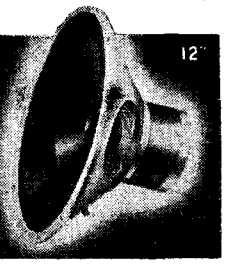

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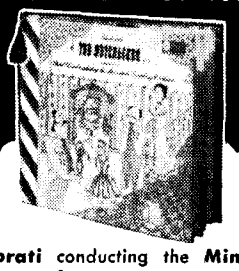

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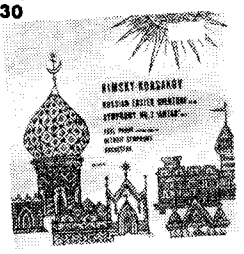

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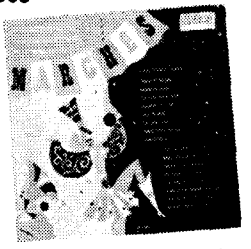

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Gertler's Berg, Some Lesser Prokofiev

BERG'S Violin Concerto, which many musicians will grant is a work for the enduring repertory, entered the LP catalogue at long last only a couple of months ago, as it was duly noted in this column, when Columbia issued its old 78-rpm version. The performance that Angel Records has now made available, by André Gertler, with Kletzki conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra (LP 35091, $5.95), comes a bit late—as a consequence—to accomplish the heroic deed of filling up a conspicuous gap in the LP list, but it is in many ways a gratifying addition. The reproduction has a mellowness that was rare when Krasner and Rodzinski recorded the work, and the playing has the ease and flexibility that are only attainable with music in advanced idiom when it has had a chance to season. Gertler's tone is more sensuous than Krasner's, and Kletzki creates atmosphere where Rodzinski, who was unyielding in his understandable insistence on discipline, was apt to be severe.

What we hear conveyed so well through the new rendering of the Berg is the quality I may best describe by borrowing a phrase from the poet Wallace Stevens—"the sad strains of a gay waltz." But in fairness to Krasner it must be said that his version holds up well, and the ultimate criterion for choice should be whether one prefers Schoenberg's Violin Concerto in its only recorded version (which is coupled with the Berg on Columbia's LP) to Bartók's Sonata for Violin Alone, obtainable on other labels in readings as good as or better than Gertler's on the reverse side of this Angel LP.

My awareness that Munch has recorded Honegger's Symphony for Strings with the Boston Symphony for release by RCA Victor at some future date takes the edge off my interest in two recent issues of this compelling work: one by a studio orchestra under Izler Solomon's direction (M-G-M E-3104, $4.85) and another by the Rochester Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Robert Hull (Concert Hall LP 1189, $5.95). Honegger is Munch's composer and Munch is Honegger's conductor *par excellence*. The style of the one is tailored to the style of the other, and I recall Munch's reading of this work in concert a few years ago as being more impressive than either of the two now on LP. For one thing, it is a work for the full quota of symphonic strings, it seems to me; for another, it calls for a special knack in shaping the immobile Adagio and keeping the finale from becoming a scramble.

Hull's performance does not have the drive of Solomon's, and Concert Hall makes the strings sound diffuse and remote, while M-G-M gives them sharp outline and presence. (There is some stridency in the M-G-M sound, but I am not sure whether it is from the playing or the electrical exaggeration of highs.) Hunter Johnson's Concerto for Piano and Chamber Orchestra, which backs the Concert Hall recording, strikes me as a more fruitful vehicle for an American conductor than Rivier's Second Symphony for Strings, which Solomon picked to go with the Honegger. We have too many of our own composers to take care of to go out on a limb for this French purveyor of clichés. Rivier is so subservient to the academic formula for the three-movement symphony (fast-serious, slow-reflective, fast-light) that each movement becomes a caricature of its prototype. Johnson's twenty-year-old work seems a bit dated now in its use of dissonant jazz, but it is skilful, fluent, and youthful.

In view of the success of Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" and the two suites he made from his ballet, it was an obviously profitable move to throw together six excerpts for a third suite (Concert Hall LP 1304, $5.95). Most of the excerpts are fragmentary, and the whole, unlike the suites the composer originally assembled, does not add up to a concert piece with proper beginning, middle, and end. But it is rewarding to get a glimpse of a few more inspirations from this fertile score—especially "Juliet's Death," the finale of the new suite. The heroine's theme, familiar from the earlier suites, is now conveyed through ample, enveloping sonority, and we may be thankful that this melody is merely stated rather than developed to a point where it might have equaled the bathos that enters into the finale of the second suite, "Romeo at Juliet's Grave." The Bolshoi Symphony, which plays the new "Romeo and Juliet" suite under Stasevitch's direc-

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tion, is heard on the other side in a second suite from a more recent ballet, "Cinderella" (1945). It is pretty standard light ballet music—inoffensive until it overdoes the waltz.

The Sonata, Opus 119, of 1949, now available in a very suave performance by Edmund Kurtz, cello, and Artur Balsam, piano, is another thin product of Prokofieff's declining years (Columbia ML 4867, $5.95). It is admirable that in this combination he maintained such gentle texture throughout. But music with the aspirations of a big Schubertian sonata should give more evidence of the composer's struggle with his materials. Casual statement of such familiar matter may be accomplished in a few encore pieces. Kodály's Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello has even more of the character of a puffed-up encore piece. The devotion of cellists to this lengthy Hungarian work is understandable, since unaccompanied cello sonatas are rare, but I have little patience with its loose, improvisatory character.

FOR evening parties when unobtrusive, tasty, cheerful background music is in order, Poulenc's Sextet for Piano and Woodwinds is the thing (Capitol P-8258, $5.70). Though Poulenc is very much to the point when writing for voice, in instrumental music he may go on and on with little regard for the demands of sustained listening. But it is no small accomplishment now to entertain without resorting to the vulgarity of commercial music. In this superb reading by the Fine Arts Wind Players, with Leona Lurie, pianist, the sextet serves the ear as fine wallpaper serves the eye, and as such it admirably fulfils the demands of Satie's *musique d'ameublement*. The first-rate California wind ensemble is also heard in Hindemith's "Kleine Kammermusik."

Zadel Skolovsky has recorded a program of sonatas of this century—all of them standard pieces by now (Columbia ML 4871, $5.95). If they were not of such different schools, one might trace in them the evolution of music since 1900, for they were written at intervals of about a decade from 1906 to 1936. However this may be, it is symptomatic that the earliest of them, Berg's Opus 1, is imbued with a heavy, rhapsodizing, Tristanesque spirit, while the most recent, Hindemith's Second Sonata, has the clarity and classical simplicity sought nowadays. This simplicity hampers Skolovsky, who seems more at home with difficult percussive passages in the Bartók or large handfuls of notes in the Berg and in Scriabine's Fourth Sonata. The Hindemith sounds curiously affected.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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HITS AND MISSES

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IT IS ALWAYS a special pleasure to have one's lay opinion corroborated by professionals, and so I quote from the jacket comment on "Chet Baker Ensemble" (Pacific PJLP-9), an LP featuring the work of the young California trumpeter: "The current trend is toward recognizing the composer-arranger as equally important a figure in jazz music as the more spectacular instrumental soloist." It has been emphasized for some time in this corner that the farther jazz musicians go in the way of harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic subtleties, the more they must inevitably rely on *planning:* that is, composition. The natural tendency of the musical mind is toward an increasing elaboration of musical ideas, and as this develops, the ideas will naturally require to be caught in notation. We hear this process all about us in modern jazz.

This does not mean, however, that the improvisation, the particularly fiery, personal, inspirational element in jazz must disappear. Indeed, if it ever does I will devote this L. C. Smith-Corona apparatus to other purposes. Happily, there are few signs of such a trend. On the other hand, I feel deluged with work by the younger jazz men combining a great amount of compositional sophistication with brilliant improvising all over the place. Candor compels me to admit that sometimes I cannot distinguish one from the other. But that is proper too. The point, after all, is to *write* and *play* jazz as if it were all spontaneous and to give generous opportunities to the born improviser.

The Baker LP already referred to displays the leader in some brisk compositions by the tenor saxophonist Jack Montrose, and the latter is joined in the reed section by Herb Geller and Bob Gordon. The rhythm section strikes me as living up to its billing: ". . . one of the greatest . . . ever assembled for the job of furthering a musical idea." Cast of characters: Russ Freeman, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums.

I am even more impressed by the variety of new material on "Shelly Manne and His Men, Vol. 2" (Contemporary C2511). This LP is devoted to neoteric brass playing by a group of young men who are obviously fond of J. S. Bach. The band consists of Ollie Mitchell or Don Fagerquist, first trumpet; Shorty Rogers, second trumpet and fluegel horn; Bob Enevoldsen, valve trombone (and he can punch the dickens out of it); Paul Sarmento, tuba (one of the most ingratiating men in his register); Russ Freeman or Marty Paich, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; and Manne at the drums. While I am not addicted to reeling off names, I feel that the new school of jazz players contains so much talent that too much cannot be said about them, and the composers of all this deft and witty polyphony are Montrose, Paich, and Rogers, already mentioned, plus Jimmy Giuffre, Bob Cooper, and Bill Holman. Each man was asked to comment on his own piece, and I think Giuffre's opening remarks about his "Alternation" will do well to suggest the difference between the musical climate of, say, Coon-Sanders Original Kansas City Nighthawks of 1923 and the Shelly Manne contingent of 1954. Says Giuffre: "The music is atonal. This creates an abundance of new melodic possibilities for jazz, which is usually tonal. The composition is completely contrapuntal, the harmonies being the result of the melodic lines . . ." Do not suppose, for an instant, that Mr. Giuffre's work is pompous. He is a jazz musician, or, as he puts it, simply: "Another important factor is that to achieve the feeling desired, this composition requires jazz instrumentalists." It gets them.

BUD SHANK, the California reed man whom I seem unable to leave alone in these *feuilletons,* has devoted himself to some of Shorty Rogers's compositions, with Rogers himself on the trumpet and fluegel horn; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Harry Babasin, bass; and Roy Harte, drums. This is winning stuff; the boys on the Pacific are certainly having a fine time with their art (Nocturne NLP2). I glean from the cover photograph of "The Dizzy Gillespie Stan Getz Sextet" (Norgran MGN-2) that Gillespie has shaved off his beard (or should it be be-beard) but he fortunately remains one of the most dazzling and droll trumpeters in history. Here he has the extraordinary background of Getz's supple alto, Oscar Peterson at the piano, and Max Roach at the drums. They play "It Don't Mean a Thing," "I Let a Song Go out of My Heart," "Exactly Like You," and "Talk of the Town." The first number is one of the most startling show-off operations I can

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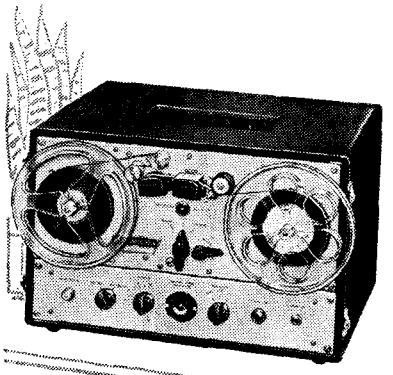

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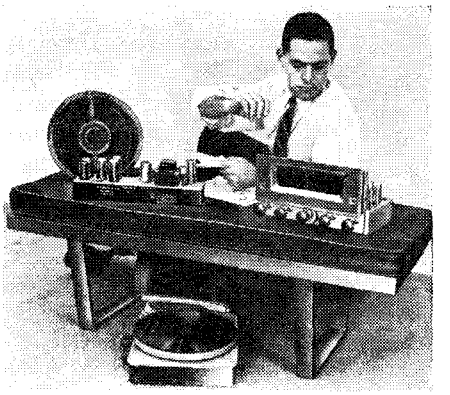
remember, and I am a pushover for this order of theatricalism.

I am not trying to give the impression that everything I place on the turntable proves to be a masterpiece, but I simply cannot remember a month of more musical fun. Shorty Rogers—here he goes again—has made triple obeisance to Count Basie in a captivating account of some of Basie's and his own tunes: "Shorty Rogers Courts the Count" (RCA Victor LJM-1004). The band includes many of the men already mentioned, plus a trombone player named Milt Bernhart who has a wonderful disregard for the staying powers of metal. I should think Basie would die of gratitude. Then we have "The Jazz Scene" (Clef 10,410-13), the first of a series in which the jazz entrepreneur Norman Granz proposes to exhibit annually the prevailing syncopated mood. For some curious reason, he has started with recordings made in 1948 and 1949, but I am overjoyed: there are, among other things, two lovely romantic works by Duke Ellington with Harry Carney at the baritone saxophone, and some elegant efforts by those modern masters, pianist Bud Powell, alto saxophonist Charlie "Yardbird" Parker, and tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips. The Caribbean rhythmic flavor is obviously strong here.

Lester Young has some of his masterful dawdling on the tenor saxophone in two new LP's, with Oscar Peterson at the piano (Norgran MGN-5 and 6). These albums have the further attraction of a cover by the gifted David Stone Martin which presents Young in the likeness of some diabolic conjurer, and I will buy that interpretation. If someone has to be constantly blatting around the house, let it be Lester. In his own way he reminds me of a quality I have always found irresistible in the Japanese *shakuhachi*—a bamboo flute; in the best hands it sounds as if no human agency were present, as if it were a breath out of the grass and the weather. And Lester Young's horn is a kind of pan-pipe.

Shortly before he died, Fats Waller wrote a charming "London Suite." This work and some of his finest popular songs are reverently handled by the Englishman Ted Heath and his orchestra (London LL978). One of the most famous Portuguese entertainers is Amalia Rodrigues, specialist in Portugal's *fado* songs and Spain's Flamenco music (Angel 64002). I have enjoyed her robust womanly voice, and it may interest others to know that the ballad "April in Portugal" is a Portuguese song, music by Raul Ferrao and lyrics by Jose Galhardo.

—WILDER HOBSON.



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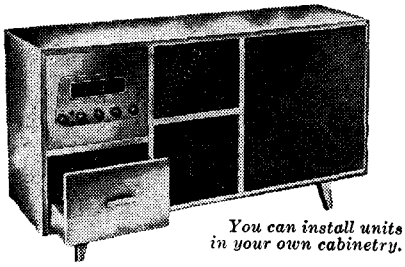

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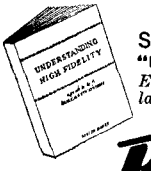

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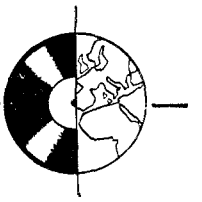

LONDON.

IGOR STRAVINSKY came to the Royal Festival Hall on May 27 in order to conduct the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a program of his compositions and to receive the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society from the hands of Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Musick. He received a tremendous ovation from an audience in which distinguished musicians rubbed shoulders with "Promenaders" and balletomanes eager to pay tribute to the composer of "The Fire Bird," "Petrouchka," and "The Rite of Spring." Perhaps the bust of Beethoven, which occupies a place of honor at the back of the orchestra during each of the Society's concerts, glowered rather more ominously than usual (no doubt it recalled some of Stravinsky's uncomplimentary views on Beethoven), and it was possibly less than tactful of Decca to advertise "Authentic Interpretations [of Stravinsky's music] by Ernest Ansermet" on the back cover of the program. But then irony is never wholly absent when an erstwhile heretic is canonized or when the former revolutionary leader is acclaimed as an elder statesman.

The concert was entirely devoted to music written for the ballet and consisted of a Suite from "Petrouchka," the Divertimento drawn from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and the more recent "Scènes de Ballet" and "Orpheus." Although Stravinsky is scarcely the most eloquent of conductors, we were treated to some beautiful playing by Beecham's orchestra, and only in the "Petrouchka" excerpts did I begin to wonder whether Decca's claim on behalf of Ansermet did not, after all, contain more than a grain of truth. Could it be that the composer views these "children of an earlier marriage" with less than true paternal affection and that an "old friend of the family" such as Ansermet, who still retains warm feelings for the children, is able to present them to us in a more faithful light? Are we perhaps too ready to accept the authenticity of the composer's interpretation, even apart from considerations of conducting or instrumental skill? It is a ticklish and altogether fascinating subject.

The annual exhibition of audio equipment organized by the British Sound Recording Association took place at the Waldorf Hotel during the weekend before the Stravinsky concert, and when I went along both the exhibition hall and the ballroom where demonstrations took place were packed to suffocation. No one could fail to be impressed by all those gleaming amplifiers, slender pickups, and fine looking turntables (including a splendid prototype transcription unit by Garrard, promised for the autumn), yet in the one field where progress is required above all others—I refer to loudspeakers—there was little evidence that any new ideas are forthcoming. If high fidelity is to be more than a mere catchphrase outside the laboratory, it is surely time that manufacturers devoted more attention to the vital problem of wide range reproduction in relation to normal domestic conditions. The majority of the more advanced and costly loudspeaker systems demonstrated on such occasions sound vastly impressive in crowded hotel ballrooms, but few of us inhabit homes of sufficiently palatial dimensions to do them justice. When translated into the average home, the potentialities of such a system are often largely wasted unless its hapless owner is prepared to drive his family to distraction, and to live in perpetual strife with all his neighbors, few of whom are likely to care whether it *was* Brahms or Tchaikovsky being played too loudly before lodging a complaint.

DURING the past few months Nixa has certainly been among the busiest of our companies. If I do not normally devote much space to its activities, this is because up to the present it has only issued recordings already on sale in the USA. Thus the May list contained Westminster recordings of Mahler's Seventh, Bach's Mass in B minor, the Brahms First, Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, and a group of Mozart concert arias sung by Magda Laszlo; Massenet's "Thaïs" (Urania); Schoenberg's "Gurre-Lieder" (Haydn Society); Donizetti's "Betly" and two Bach Cello Suites played by Starker (Period). Westminster-engineered discs—these include Nixa's domestic products—are beginning to establish for themselves an enviable reputation among the cognoscenti, comparable to that which they already enjoy in the States; their challenge is one which Decca cannot possibly ignore if that company is to maintain its former supremacy.

The latest issues to reach me from FFRR headquarters include Debussy's ballet "Jeux" coupled with Ansermet's arrangement of the same composer's "Six épigraphes antiques" (originally written for piano, four hands), played in characteristic style by the Suisse Romande Orchestra and smoothly recorded.

We do not often hear Liszt's flamboyantly lugubrious "Totentanz" these days, but the young English virtuoso Peter Katin, supported by the London Philharmonic under Martinon, performs it with undisguised relish, offering the more civilized brilliancies of Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor and Rondo in E flat by way of coupling. Yet more keyboard music: a scintillating recital by George Malcolm (harpsichord), embracing sixteen sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti, and a Schumann record from Clifford Curzon.

EMI's June list contains no new LP's, being confined to EP 45's plus a handful of SP 78's. However, to whet our appetities for next month's offerings, HMV has announced that these will include the 1953 Glyndebourne production of Rossini's "La Cenerentola" conducted by Vittorio Gui and with a cast including Marina de Gabarain, Alda Noni, Fernanda Cadoni, Juan Oncina, Sesto Bruscantini, and Ian Wallace. Soon after this announcement came another one, far less appetizing: EMI's Deletions List for 1955. It amounts to a massacre of the existing 78-rpm catalogue. January 31, 1955, is the date fixed for the execution, and victims will include all HMV and Columbia Society sets.

On Parlophone we have a characteristic Haydn/Mozart disc by the London Baroque Ensemble containing an immaculate performance of the Wind Serenade in C minor, K.388, and, in a somewhat lighter vein, Haydn's Notturno in C and the little "Feldparthie" Divertimento for pairs of oboes, bassoons, and horns. On another disc Bela Siki, a pupil of the late Dinu Lipatti, plays Chopin's four Scherzi with great intelligence and an enviable technique, but misses some of the poetry and nervous tension of these superb compositions.

Philips's microgroove "D Day" looms ever nearer; they have got as far as commissioning cover designs, but rumor has it that, to begin with, releases will be confined to the most obvious of popular classics. Meanwhile, Mercury—not content with second-hand triumphs (via HMV)—has announced its first English release, mainly devoted to recordings by Dorati and the Minneapolis Orchestra. I had better make room on my shelves for another half dozen versions of the César Franck Symphony!

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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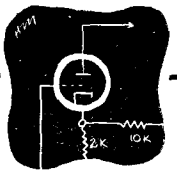

SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

Back to the Basic Point

THE surest test I know for distinguishing hi-fi sheep from goats, for identifying genuine devotees of good sound, is exceedingly simple. It doesn't depend on a glib mastery of technical lingo. It doesn't involve the ability to hear 15,000-cycle tones, or even the ownership of an "eclectically" assembled sound system. It's just this: the consistent use of a diamond pickup stylus is not merely preached but is actually practised.

Naturally, a diamond stylus alone doesn't guarantee high-fidelity sound reproduction, but it is the most elementary and indispensable factor. Among all audio components, most of which have been developed (or made accessible outside the laboratory) in comparatively recent years, and whose comparative merits are still violently controversial, the diamond stylus is unique in that it was first introduced years ago (most memorably by Edison *ante* World War I) and in that from that day to this its superiority to all other types has been unquestioned.

The catch has been, of course, that neither diamond producers nor audio specialists have ever convincingly persuaded the general phonographic public that diamonds are really worth their greater cost, not only by virtue of superior quality, but also by the long-term savings ensured by lessened record wear and damage. Perhaps they have used wrong approaches or belabored their arguments too vehemently. At any rate, the basic point at last is driven solidly home in a fifty-six-page booklet, "The Wear and Care of Records and Styli," by Harold D. Weiler (Climax Publishing Company, $1), which I'm willing to go out on a limb and hail as the most practically valuable contribution to public enlightenment the audio literature has produced to date.

As simple in scope as it is in treatment, Weiler's booklet does no more than discuss—in clear, plain talk—elementary stylus-groove relationships; report on a questionnaire to over 3,000 phonophiles, dealing with the types and useful lives of their styli; and compare his own microscopic examinations of some 600 styli discards with those of new styli used on both fresh and worn records. Yet his conclusions and perhaps even more their vivid photographic evidence are nothing short of devastating.

While the phonophiles questioned claimed that they replaced an LP sapphire stylus, for example, after an average of seventy-two hours of playing time, the actual discards averaged wear effects indicating at least 500 hours of use! (And this in the face, as Weiler emphasizes, of easily demonstratable aural and visual proof that no more than 7½ sapphire use-hours normally produce "flats" of .001-inch width—and consequently both unmistakable high-frequency distortion and record wear.) Even the supposedly elite listeners, the owners of LP diamonds (which under the same test conditions take 307½ use-hours to develop the same-sized "flats"), failed to replace them before an average of 1,500 hours.

What, one wonders incredulously, happens with the osmium styli in most general use in low-cost record players and which wear far faster and more unevenly even than sapphires? How "inexpensive" can these players be when one reckons in the value of the discs they ruin permanently—to say nothing at all of the inestimable "price" their owners inevitably pay in a tolerance of distorted tone qualities?

Since Weiler sticks, with good reason, to common phonographic practice, his statistics are based on styli used in pickups mounted on popular changer and manual plastic arms, and an LP stylus-force of seven grams. But in so doing he misses some good chances to make his documentary evidence even more impressive. For from my own experience I have been thoroughly convinced that the useful life of styli is greatly lengthened when they are used in professional-type arms, which exert far less groove sidewall pressure, are far freer from resonance effects, and permit good tracking at stylus-forces of five grams or less.

But, of course, first things come first, and the great virtue of this booklet is the illumination it throws not only on the basic problems of styli and groove wear, but also on their close, reciprocally affective relationship. It may be too much to hope that Weiler's chamber-of-horror microphotographs of flattened styli and his valuable charts of styli wear vs. use-hours will be mounted above every serious phonophile's turntable. Yet certainly no sensible record or equipment buyer—least of all anyone sincerely seeking for true high fidelity—can afford to ignore these inestimable contributions to an understanding of the hard facts of phonographic life.

—R. D. DARRELL.

JULY RELEASES

ROBERT SCHUMANN
Symphony No. 3 In E Flat Major
Symphony No. 4 In D Minor
Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera
Conducted by Dean Dixon WL 5285

BEETHOVEN
Violin and Piano Sonata In C Minor, Op. 30 No. 2
Violin and Piano Sonata In G Major, Op. 30 No. 3
Jean Fournier—Violin
Ginette Doyen—Piano WL 5292

EMANUEL CHABRIER
Seven Pieces For Piano

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS
Five Pieces For Piano
Ginette Doyen—Piano WL 5294

PERGOLESI
Concerto No. 1 In G Major
Concerto No. 3 In A Major
Concerto No. 4 In F Minor
Concerto No. 5 In E Flat Major
Winterthur Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Angelo Ephrikian WL 5295

JOSEF HAYDN
String Trio No. 1 In G Major, Op. 53
String Trio No. 2 In B Flat Major, Op. 53
String Trio No. 3 In D Major, Op. 53

CHARLES H. WILTON
String Trio No. 1 In A Major
String Trio No. 3 In C Major
String Trio No. 6 In F Major
Jean Pougnet—Violin
Frederick Riddle—Viola
Anthony Pini—Cello WL 5296

CONTINENTAL MEMORIES
Mira Jozelle—Chansonette
Antal Kocze and his Gypsies
The Deutschmeister Band
The Westminster Light Orchestra WL 3014

MELODIES YOU REMEMBER
The Westminster Light Orchestra WL 3016

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"Mene, mene, tekel" auf Deutsch

IT WILL be helpful, before directly approaching two recorded versions of Handel's "Belshazzar," to get some of the facts straight. Charles Jennens provided Handel with the text—based, of course, on the familiar story of the handwriting on the wall, from the Book of Daniel. Except for one irritating flaw, it is a superior text, excelling both in dramatic values and in the beauty of its English. (The irritating flaw is Handel's curious dramatic mistake in having the death of Belshazzar occur neither offstage nor onstage, but only in words printed in the midst of a purely instrumental "sinfonia.") To Jennens's excellent lines Handel composed a magnificently varied score, taking the greatest pains to give characterizing choral passages to the Assyrians, Persians, and Jews, and to create the notable individualities of Belshazzar, Cyrus, Daniel, Gobrias, and Belshazzar's mother, Nitocris.

"Belshazzar" was first sung at Covent Garden, London, on March 27, 1745. Some of the most renowned and popular singers and singing actresses of the time were in the cast; the oratorio was repeated on March 29 and April 23, on which last night a season somewhat disastrous for Handel the impresario reached its close. "Belshazzar" has never been among the most frequently performed of oratorios, though it has long been called—and in reality is—one of the finest. Do not expect from it the brassy Oriental magnificence of Sir William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" (it is eighteenth-century music); on the other hand, do not be surprised to find the Assyrian revelry and the handwriting on the wall profoundly stirring. In this, and in the depiction of the noble Nitocris, Handel remains unmatched. He knows what is important and what is not, and he fits music to the shape, weight, color, and flavor of English syllables with a suitability that no other great composer, not even Henry Purcell, ever has quite matched. There are few moments indeed in his "Belshazzar" in which his attention flagged; there are no more in which, hearing an appropriate performance, ours would flag.

But the first requisite of appropriate performance—singers singing the English language beautifully and understandably—is lacking equally from the Bach Guild recording (BG 534/5, $11.90) and the Period version (SPL-594, $11.90), both of which are sung in German translation. The German words, besides being poor ambassadors of Jennens's meanings, are difficult to understand as sung, not being the words to which Handel composed—or adapted—his notes. The same lack of reciprocity between text and score occurs when Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" is sung in English, for the flaw is not with a particular translation but with the very act of translation itself, which, however carefully carried out, breaks the fundamentally indissoluble union created by the composer.

Nor does either of the recordings at hand display the second requisite of appropriate performance in so monumentally unified a work as "Belshazzar": completeness. The Bach Guild and Period versions differ considerably in detail: in what is omitted, what included; in the treatment of tempos and volumes; in the kind of voices to which the roles of Daniel and Cyrus are assigned. This last detail is of real interest. In the original Covent Garden production, Daniel was acted by Susanna Maria (Arne) Cibber, Cyrus by a "Miss Robinson," who almost certainly was not the famous Anastasia Robinson. Mrs. Cibber and Miss Robinson were actresses first, singers afterward, and a German tradition has assigned their roles to contraltos, a practice followed by the Period recording, whereas the Bach Guild version has a contralto only as Cyrus, the crucial role of Daniel (who, after all, interprets "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin") going to a baritone.

—Bettmann Archive.

Handel—"handwriting on the wall."

It would be both idle and, in the confines of a review, silly to detail which choruses, recitatives, solos, and instrumental passages are omitted from each of these recordings, both of which occupy four twelve-inch LP sides. Suffice it to say that the cuttings, though dealt with apologetically by the writers of the notes accompanying the albums, shatter the continuity in a way to convince unwary listeners that neither Jennens nor Handel was in his right mind. Difficulties for the attentive listener are piled up, too, by the odd fact that the singers do not sing exactly the text as printed in either case.

The Bach Guild recording, with Helmut Koch leading the Combined Berlin Chamber Choirs and Berlin Symphony Orchestra, is more alive and much more clearly recorded than the Period version, which has Hans Grischkat conducting the Chorus and Orchestra of the [Württemberg?] State Conservatory of Music. The soloists, all of whose names are unfamiliar to me, vary from adequate to very bad, with perhaps a shade of preference due those (and notably Friederike Sailer as Nitocris) in the Bach Guild Version. But the sad fact is that neither recording is very good in any respect, and that, even if collated and added together, they present a semi-complete caricature of one of the towering masterpieces of eighteenth-century oratorio and of the musical setting of our language in one of its richest periods.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Songs of '76

ASK THE man-on-the-street if he knows a revolutionary song and, in these frightened times, you'll probably get the cold eye and the negative response. Ask him if he knows a Revolutionary song and his cold eyes will warm as he answers, "Yankee Doodle." "Yankee Doodle" was written by a British medical officer, and was first heard during the French and Indian War.

There are hundreds of other songs available for study which were created during the stirring days of rebellion and some of these have just been recorded. Folkways has released "Ballads of the Revolution" (FP 48, $9.50, two ten-inch LP's) sung with rare spirit by Wallace House. And the clear, melancholy voice of Burl Ives may be heard in "Songs of the Revolution," Album 2 of Encyclopaedia Brittanica Films' "Historical America in Song." (Each EBF album contains five twelve-inch 78-rpm records—$10.95 for the album, $59.50 for the set.)

Comparison is easy since in five instances both singers recorded the same songs. For example, there are two presentations of the great New England war hymn "Chester," written by one of early America's few competent composers, William Billings:

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton, too
With Prescott and Cornwallis join'd
Together plot our overthrow
In one infernal league combin'd.

In "Chester" House sings with a gravel-voiced strength that Ives lacks. But Ives emphasizes the spiritual quality of the hymn with his lugubrious choir-boy voice.

Another accomplished composer of the day was Francis Hopkinson, statesman, jurist, and pamphleteer. Hopkinson signed his name to the Declaration of Independence, to some original songs—including "My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free" (recorded by Ives) and "A Toast to Washington's Health" (recorded by House)—and to many a satiric lyric parodying contemporary folk songs.

—*Culver.*

In fact, the music of the minuteman was, for the most part, of traditional origin. The most virulent anti-British sentiments were sung to ancient British tunes. Four days before his death at Bunker Hill, General Joseph Warren penned "Free America." And both Ives and House can now be heard singing these revolutionary words to the tune of "The British Grenadiers";

Torn from a world of tyrants
Beneath this western sky
We formed a new dominion
A land of liberty
The world shall own we're masters here
Then hasten on the day
Huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America (y).

The events of the war were reflected with minute detail in the folk music of the Colonies. House sings of "The Boston Tea Party," "The Death of Warren," "Bunker Hill," and of "The World Turned Upside Down." Ives adds "The Boston Tea Tax," "The Rifleman's Song at Bennington," "The Battle of Saratoga," and many others. Even "Yankee Doodle" had an opposite number in the Rebel camps. Where the British sang their lampoon with a nasal New England twang, the American answer was chanted in an exaggerated British accent:

At Prestonpans we met with rebels one day
We marshalled ourselves all in comely array
Our hearts were all stout and bid our legs stay
But our feet were wrong-headed and took us away
We're the old soldiers of the King
And the King's own regulars.

The Wallace House album is the most satisfactory to appear since RCA Victor's out-of-print "Ballads of the American Revolution and War of 1812." Burl Ives's presentations may lack the sturdy power of the House recordings, but he always sings pleasantly, evenly, and with shrewd understanding. Both make for fine listening, July Fourth and all the year 'round.

—OSCAR BRAND.

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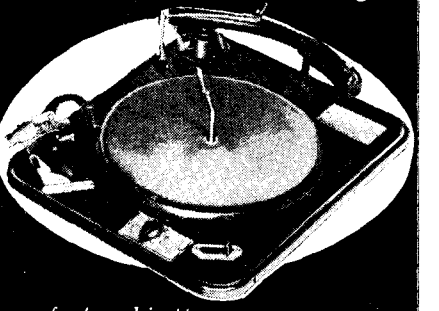

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Points on Portables

TAKE a number from 20 to 1000. Put a dollar sign in front of it. Chances are, if you would take that much money to an appliance shop you could get some kind of equipment on which to play music in recorded form. Depending on what you were shopping for, chances further are that by spending $50, $100, $150, $200, and so on up you could get a better piece of equipment NOW than was ever available before.

The current subject is portables, and the statement is as true, in brackets surrounding $50, $100, $150, as it would be in assembled units for more (as reviewed in RECORDINGS, *SR* May 15) or in combined elements for decidedly more. If it is simply a modest device that you want for getting *something* out of a recording in compact form, there is a Webcor three-speed unit at a mere $29.95, which can be packed in a suitcase. No changer, of course, but it will play. If you are partial to RCA's 45's, Victor offers a self-contained unit at $34.95 limited to that specialized use.

Much better in tonal response (still without a changer) is the Libertyphone at $54.95. This is a real week-end companion which you can add to an armful of luggage without being too conscious of weight. If a changer and associated luxuries are desired, the price range moves up to approximately $75, where Webster-Chicago again has interesting merchandise. Of novel interest this year is an M-G-M unit at $89.50, embodying the good Collaro changer, a turn-around cartridge, and very decent tonal qualities.

Of similar size and proportions—meaning that it can be carried readily, along with a week-end suitcase and a present for the hostess—is the Stromberg-Carlson unit at $98.50. This boasts bass and treble controls, the VM changer, and more tonal capacity than the units previously mentioned. As the company name "Hi-fiette" indicates, it suggests something of real fidelity to the sound contained in the record. It would be unreasonable to expect too much, but it is surprising to discover how much can be gotten out of such a unit, or the Libertyphone at $99.50. The latter embodies a speaker of domestic make. With the substantially better Philips speaker, the price moves up to $139.50, including a two-way pick-up utilizing a diamond point for the stylus on the LP side.

Several manufacturers, however, have undertaken to compress into *transportable* "packages" rather more ambitious intentions, comprising what might be called the luxury class of portables. Most compact of them is a version of the Columbia 360, in an imitation leather covering, at the list price of $139. This has an admirably compact design (the small speakers, facing outward, are at the back, thus saving considerable space), with the best features of the 360 idea available in movable arrangement.

No ceiling on size, weight, or quality has been placed by Pilot in designing its fascinating compilation of utilities known as the Encore. The price is $149.50, or slightly more than the 360, but for it the buyer is provided with such superior elements as a Garrard changer, GE pickup, barrel spindle for 45's, an eight- and a five-inch speaker, a very decent amplifier—and for the hi-fi addict whose summer would be spoiled without dials to manipulate — compensation for LP, AES, and foreign curves. Also, separate bass and treble controls, plus an input jack for a radio tuner and an output receptacle for piping the sound to an auxiliary speaker. I've heard it said by some audiophiles that there is no portable they'd be caught dead with: here is one I'd willingly be caught alive with. Listening to it perform makes one realize that such a portable is capable of better performance than many consoles were a decade or so ago. On the other hand, it should be noted that the Pilot weighs forty pounds and, consequently, is nothing to run up hill with on a July day. (Permanent supports are available at the nominal price of $4.95.)

The makers of the Port-O-Matic units have taken heed of compensation also, and have installed an AES position (between LP and Standard) on their new model priced at $124.50. This features an eight-inch speaker, Webster changer, GE cartridge, and push-pull amplifier circuit, in an aero-tweed housing. Also of standard excellence is the larger Libertyphone, with AM and shortwave radio, at $189.50. This isn't gaited for as specialized service as the highly purposeful Pilot, but its versatility is noteworthy.

If the attractions of a changer are not all-powerful, the Rek-O-Cut products are outstanding for steady turntable performance and dependable reproduction through a ten-inch speaker, which is detachable for further improving performance. With magnetic cartridge (RP 43M) this "Recitalist" model is priced at $249.95. For the best in music reproduction in non-fixed form, the RT-43M at $289.95 provides one case for turntable, amplifier, arm, etc., and a separate case with two ten-inch speakers which can be individually positioned. To be sure, this is more for school, library, or industrial use, but if you want—for any reason—a fine set of components which can be folded up and put into a closet when not in use, here it is.

"Here comes a great part—you can actually hear Ormandy's wrist watch ticking."

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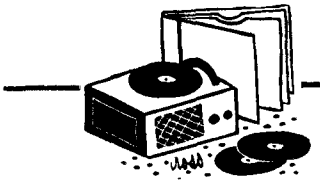

POP ROUNDUP

A Fresh View of Fain

THE popular tunesmith Sammy Fain, always highly respected and envied in the trade, has yet to achieve the "household name" acceptance of a Kern, Berlin, or Gershwin. Still, Fain has provided Tin Pan Alley with some of its most substantial hits. Some of them, typically Broadway in contrivance and commercialism, have nevertheless proved to have a staying power that earns for them the labels "standard" or, in the event of a concerted plugging program, "revival." But when provided with lyrics of some poetic mettle, Fain has shown himself to be a top-flight musical comedy composer. One example particularly suggests itself—"Love Is a Random Thing," from the long-forgotten show "Toplitsky of Notre Dame."

Now we learn that Fain himself is an extremely engaging interpreter of his own songs. Songwriters—the good ones at least—are usually notably poor demonstrators of their own material. Harold Arlen has always been an exception, and now Fain. M-G-M Records has issued a collection of eight Fain favorites sung by Fain, "I'LL BE SEEING YOU (M-G-M E-241), with equally satisfying orchestral arrangements conducted by Van Alexander. The composer's manner is sometimes reminiscent of the late Buddy Clark who, I believe, was partial to Fain's music himself. Included are "Secret Love" (which may have inspired this album idea), "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," "That Old Feeling," "Was That the Human Thing To Do," and "Ev'ry Day." I'm partial to his warm balladry on the title song and "I Can Dream, Can't I?"

Quite a different story, however, is THE MUSIC OF HAROLD ARLEN (M-G-M E-3101) as played by David Rose and his orchestra. The tunes are wonderful, of course, and the notes, for a change, are truly informative concerning Arlen's life and works. But Rose's smothering strings manage to make everything sound alike, and this is just another of those "mood music" things. It would be extremely refreshing to hear Arlen himself sing such tunes as "Paper Moon," "World on a String," "Stormy Weather," etc., with a small rhythm combination.

Or I don't really mind hearing Arlen sung by Lena Horne, and she, in fact, does sing "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," "Stormy Weather," and "Ill Wind" in a resuscitated collection now entitled THIS IS LENA HORNE (RCA Victor LPT 3061). This set was originally issued in 1941 or 1942 with the title "Moanin' Low," and it has lost none of its original luster for us. It includes also the erstwhile title song, "The Man I Love," "Mad About the Boy," "What Is This Thing Called Love," and her earlier (and preferred) version of "Where or When." Some of these, you may recall, were introduced more than twenty years ago by Libby Holman, to whom Miss Horne bears more than a slight stylistic relationship.

I have received two remarkable new jazz sets from the Norman Granz organization. One is CHARLIE PARKER (Clef MGC-157); the other is INTERPRETATIONS BY THE STAN GETZ QUINTET (Norgran MGN-1000). Both contain the most inspired work in many issues from the currently recognized pace-setters on alto and tenor saxes respectively. Parker here is flanked by an eminently compatible rhythm section with Max Roach on drums, Percy Heath on bass, and Al Haig on piano. The repertoire derives mostly from the blues, fast and slow, plus absorbing manipulations of the ballads "I Remember You" and Kern's "The Song Is You." I don't doubt that Parker has the most prolific improvisatory fount in jazz today.

The Getz collection, comparatively urbane and introspective, deepens our acquaintance with the remarkable new trombonist-arranger Bob Brookmeyer. With Brookmeyer's prodding, Getz himself plays less dispassionately than is his custom. In fact, his occasional enthusiasm is tremendously attractive. Two-horn harmony ordinarily succeeds only in drawing attention to the deficiency of parts, but Getz and Brookmeyer make quite a team, and an excellent rhythm section helps. As one man solos the other occasionally interjects counter figures or delicate dissonances, breaking up any hint of monotony in the long solo sequences. Brookmeyer's musical thought in ballads, such as "Willow Weep for Me," steers more to abstraction of the theme rather than variation or embellishment. The solos and two-way ensemble are especially strong on a Johnny Mandel original, "Pot Luck." Getz's most dynamic soloing is turned in on an up-tempo "Crazy Rhythm," with able assistance from the pianist. —BILL SIMON.

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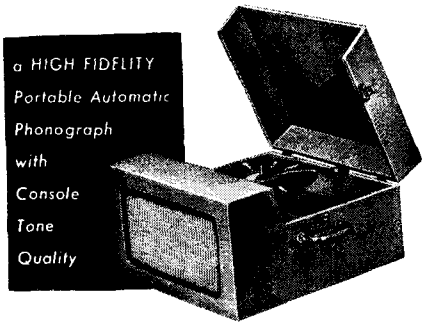

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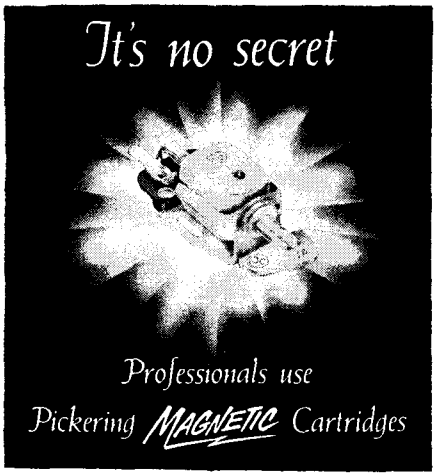

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

APPRAISING TOSCANINI

THE ARTICLE ON "Toscanini and Brahms" by Neville Cardus [*SR* March 27] has caused me great pleasure; it is so seldom that one can read today criticism that really criticizes. Most of the critics seem to feel that when confronted with a "great man" all they can do is to heap on him a large pile of superlatives.

I suppose this is one of the symptoms of the age of conformity we live in, having "Hi-Fi fans" and "Maestro-fans" instead of lovers of music. We do not dare to make up our own mind about the music and the artist we like; and so we look for the "great men" whom we can worship together with the crowd.

The "con" letter which you printed afterwards [*SR* April 24] was typical of the "fan" type of audiences we have today. It seems to me that these people worship "the Maestro" rather because it is convenient to do so, and not because they know their music so well that they really by their own will and effort came to the conclusion that Toscanini's interpretations are "definitive" (another fan-expression).

It is beyond doubt that Mr. Toscanini is a very gifted conductor, especially when it comes to conducting Italian opera. But many people—among them myself—find his interpretations of Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms less inspiring, and not too authentic. Fast tempi and rigid phrasing are not always expressive of the qualities that can be brought out from the score, and Toscanini has seemed to indulge in these at times maybe a bit too much. His greatness, in my opinion, lies in his ability to conduct all kinds of music with a certain brand of his own. However, one would not want to hear only that.

Anyway, three cheers for Mr. Cardus and the *SR*! I hope that in the future I shall again have the pleasure of reading criticism that does not bend down before so-called shrines, criticism that will keep in mind that the essence of a performance is the music as it was written, the contribution of the artist being only of secondary importance.

JULIUS M. E. MORAVCSIK, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

URTEXT AND URFASSUNG

I AM AFRAID THAT Hans A. Illing's letter and your Editor's Note [RECORDINGS, *SR* April 24] are equally confusing as regards the meaning of "original version," *Urtext*, and *Urfassung*.

The two German words belong to the language of historic and literary criticism, in the first place. The exact meaning of either term in any specific instance depends, of course, on the context. Generally speaking, *Urtext* refers to a literary document of which *one* reading or version only is legitimate. Even though artistically or stylistically a subsequent text may appear more attractive, the *Urtext*, or first and original embodiment of an utterance or statement, is the real thing and has historical pre-eminence. The most likely antonym to an *Urtext* is a garbled text, while the antonym to *Urfassung* merely is a later and not necessarily better version. In other terms, *Urtext* emphasizes genuineness and material authenticity, whereas *Urfassung* emphasizes the existence of a first draft.

On the other hand, if he wished to refer to the first treatment of a subject before it was tampered with or improved upon by a subsequent author, a German writer would no doubt prefer the term *Urbehandlung* (of a given theme). The *Urfaust* refers to the most ancient treatment of the Dr. Faustus theme long before Goethe wrote the *Urfassung*, or first draft, of his own "Faust." However, certain German scholars seem to have used *Urfaust* and Goethe's *Urfassung des Faust* interchangeably.

An *Urtext* must not necessarily be lost. In our age, at least, the *Urtext* of everything seems to be on file. Unfortunately, a certain ambiguity attaches to the German prefix *ur-* as well as to the English adjective *original*. In the context of intellectual creation, *original* can mean many things, of which I should like to mention three: (1) what has been first produced, (2) what most nearly corresponds to the intention of the author, (3) what is paragon. In English the phrase "original version" is often taken to mean "authentic text" while the basic distinction between *Urfassung* and *Originalfassung* in German is not always strictly upheld. Moreover, *Urgeschichte* means prehistory, that is, history long past, whereas *Urphaenomen*, a term rather fashionable in current German philosophy, refers to the obdurate permanencies of life. For most readers language is a labyrinth teeming with monsters, but no Theseus is in sight. Incidentally, this accounts for the fact that Messrs. Dulles and Molotov cannot come to terms.

BERNARD GUILLEMIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"AIDA" AGAIN

MAY I ADD a strong endorsement to your previous correspondents who have pleaded for a Milanov-Bjoerling-Warren "Aida" together with a special request that RCA-Victor might let us have a glimpse into their future plans and a whisper about their intentions. It would make a hot summer so much more pleasant if one knew that the following summer might be graced with the cool splendor of an evening on the banks of the Nile, à la Orthophonic!

I wonder if RCA Victor could also be convinced to give us more complete operas with Bjoerling. This splendid voice should be harnessed on discs in greater quantity. And when and who will record an uncut "Louise"? Could Beecham be induced to do it?

HENRY BARDACH.

Arlington, Va.

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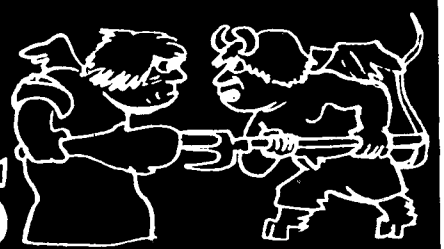

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